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H. M. HENRY, PRINTER.

Pro-Slavery.

From the Washington Globe.

THE CRIMINAL TENDENCY OF THE FANATICISM OF THE ABOLITIONISTS.

The piracy and murder committed on board t Amistad, and more recently on board the Creole, have been themes of joy and gratulation among the abolitionists. Their excited imaginations almost turned Cinque and his associates into idols. While in Connecticut, there was a continual concourse of worshipful, if not worshipping, admirers around them; and some of the devotees, we believe, accompanied them back to Africa. From letters which have been published, written to friends at home, by the pious and obsequious attendants of Cinque and his crew, it would seem that the scales begin to fall from their eyes, and they, with much tenderness, admit that they have been deceived as to the excellent attributes in which their credulity clothed the blackamoors. The letters say, with most reluctant regrets, that some of the delivered murderers have not shown themselves so good as they expected. Indeed, they confess that some of them are suspected to be the very reverse of what they had fondly supposed. The negroes, approaching the scenes of their former kidnapping—for Cinque himself was a kidnapper and slave-seller before he was entrapped and sold—began to feel their old instinct of rapine revive; and we have no doubt, if there were a possibility of finding purchasers, that they would make prizes of their missionary friends, and sell them as readily as they do their own brethren—even their wives and children.

There is something so romantic—so like the pilgrimages of the crusaders in their long labors and journeys of love—such penance and piety in an African voyage, over dangerous seas, and over-land travels through deserts, beset with diseases, and lions, and serpents—that we do not wonder that some phrenzied minds should consider it the surest way to heaven; and would, therefore, willingly become esquires to Cinque on his return to the place of his former depredations.

But it is something strange that good and pious men here at home, in our everyday way of life, should become so intoxicated with the spirit of abolition knight-errantry, as to consider simple negro stealing doing God service, and one of those pious callings in which a member of the church should engage. From the following petition to the Governor of Missouri, from some worthy, religious men of Connecticut, and the Governor's reply, it appears that a member of their church has become unhappily impressed with this idea; and has, consequently, been condemned to expiate his crime in prison. We are not, however, surprised at this mania running into crime, in individual cases, when we see whole societies of abolitionists prepared, not merely to violate law, but dissolve the Union, to indulge their abolitionism.

From the Jefferson Inquirer.

We are permitted to lay before the public the following petition, for the pardon of Alanson Work, one of the convicts in the penitentiary, and the reply of the Governor thereto. We trust that its publication may be seen and read by every abolitionist, and that its effect may be to arrest them in their wicked work. It will, at least, satisfy them that they cannot invade the rights of our citizens with impunity:

To his Excellency, Thomas Reynolds, Governor of Missouri:

The undersigned, pastor and members of the South Congregational church, in Middletown, Connecticut, would present the following to your excellency, in relation to the case of Mr. Alanson Work, who has recently been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment in the penitentiary of the State over which your excellency presides.

We earnestly hope that, in the exercise of clemency, you will interpose with the executive authority vested in your hands, and remove the sentence from our brother, and restore him to his liberty and his dependent family.

As Christians, we feel it our duty to present this petition to your excellency; for Mr. Work was once a member of our church, and greatly beloved by us all; and we do this the more confidently, as we are happy to learn that your excellency regards with favor and interest the religion of Him who taught the duty of mercy and forgiveness.

Mr. Work was connected to our church by a public profession of religion, in May, 1834; and adorned his profession by a godly, consistent life. He left us, for the West, with his little family, with our earnest prayer that the God of the covenant would be with him.

We regret that, by a mistaken sense of duty, he was betrayed into the act for which he has been imprisoned; and we earnestly pray that your excellency will forgive the offense and show mercy, and let our beloved brother be restored to his needy family, and that his little ones may not be left twelve long years without the instructions and guidance of a father. And we doubt not, that by this act of clemency, your excellency will receive the smiles of kind Heaven, as well as the gratitude and love of your humble petitioners, and the welcome benediction of Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

A. GRANGER, *Pastor.*
JOSEPH LEWIS, JOSIAH DANFORTH,
WM. WOODWARD, JOSEPH W. McKEE.
Middletown, Ct. Dec. 18, 1841.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
City of Jefferson, Jan. 27, 1842.

GENTLEMEN,—Your petition for the pardon of Alanson Work, a convict in the penitentiary of this State, has been received, and considered with a disposition to conform my action to the dictates of justice, and a proper discharge of my duty.

[Here follow some unimportant general remarks on the pardoning power.]

You state, in your petition, that Work was connected with your church, by a public profession of religion, in 1834, and that he adorned his profession by a godly and consistent life. It is no doubt, a matter of pain and deep mortification to you, as it must be to every sincere Christian, that one with whom you have worshipped at the same altar of divine truth, and upon whom you have looked as a sincere and devout co-laborer in the same faith, and who thereby had gained your confidence and esteem, should so totally lose sight of his duty to his God and his country, his profession and his faith, as to commit the *ignominious crime* for which he has been condemned to share the felon's fate. But, so far is his previous course of life from affording an excuse for his subsequent conduct, and a reason for his pardon, that it seems to me as presenting a strong argument against either. Had he been one of those unfortunate beings who never knew the blessings of revealed religion, but were reared in the nursery of vice, without a knowledge of virtue, his crime might have been regarded as a misfortune, attributable more to adventitious circumstances, than to any natural proneness to vice—punishable, indeed, but still entitled to our sympathy. But, in this instance, the object of your compassion had every inducement to preserve incorruptible his faith and his profession. If he was a sincere believer in the Christian faith, his own heart must have told him that a strict adherence to its precepts, affords the only sure guide to happiness here and hereafter. He who knows the happiness conferred by religion and virtue, and the misery attendant upon vice, and voluntarily chooses to abandon the former and embrace the latter, is surely less entitled to our sympathy, than one who follows vice because he knows not religion and virtue.

You admit that Work was led to the commission of crime by a "mistaken sense of duty." It is known here that the offense was committed upon premeditation and deliberation; and that he still persists in justifying the deed.

You ask me to "forgive the offense, and show mercy;" but you set forth no reason why he is deserving the mercy and forgiveness, more than others who are suffering the punishment awarded to crime. Mercy and forgiveness are, indeed, the most beautiful attributes of divinity; but are, by no means, inconsistent with the punishment of crime. To pardon all who have committed crime, because mercy and forgiveness are enjoined upon men by the Supreme Being, would be a monstrous perversion of the true application of those divine virtues. It is one of the first principles of civil government, that the State is bound to protect the property and persons of its citizens; but how can this fundamental obligation be fulfilled, if crime is suffered to go unpunished?

The pardoning power, as I have before remarked, is not to be exercised at the arbitrary will of the executive; but some good reason, founded upon fact, applicable to the particular case, and consistent with the principles of law and justice, should always be shown. Does your petition come within this rule? You have not set forth a single fact or circumstance applicable to this case. Every word contained in your petition, founded upon your own personal knowledge, may be, and undoubtedly is, strictly true, and yet strictly consistent with the moral and legal guilt of the object of your petition.

I heartily appreciate the motives that urge you to seek his pardon, and sympathize with you in the fate of his unfortunate family. It is one of the hardest trials of the heart, to relinquish attachments founded upon long and intimate associations.

Here I might dismiss this subject by a denial of your petition, on the ground that you have set forth no fact or circumstance that would justify me in complying with your wishes; but there are other considerations involved in the crime of Work and his confederates, so intimately connected with the peace and happiness of the citizens of this State, and so deeply affecting their national and constitutional rights, that I have thought proper to avail myself of this occasion to pass them in review.

You are probably aware that Work and two confederates were indicted and convicted for stealing *certain slaves*, the property of a citizen of this State. They were not, at the time of the commission of the offense, nor had they ever been, so far as my knowledge extends, inhabitants or citizens of the State; but came here expressly for the purpose of perpetrating the act for which they were convicted.

They alledge, as a justification of their act, and they still persist in their opinions, that they were actuated by the desire of setting the slaves at liberty; that, according to their opinion, man should not be made the subject of property; in short, that they belonged to that class of society denominated abolitionists.

So little were their alledged motives appreciated by the objects of their "enlarged philanthropy," that the slaves went directly to their master, disclosed the whole design, and aided in the arrest of the offenders; thus adding another to the almost innumerable instances of that fidelity and attachment to their masters, which so extensively prevail among the slaves in this State, so different from that feeling which is alledged to exist between the master and the slave, by those who know us not, and whom we know only as the disturbers of our rights. No such declared motives could appear in testimony upon their trial, being forbidden by that rule of law which prohibits the declarations of the accused from being given in evidence in his own favor; but I have mentioned them for the purpose of placing their acts in (what they undoubtedly consider) the most favorable light. Assuming their alledged motives to have been their only inducement to the commission of the offense, the mischief to the community is the same, and only shows the necessity of redoubling our vigilance, and providing for the exemplary punishment of offenses of this class.

The time has at length arrived, when the security of our domestic institutions rests upon our own ability to protect ourselves. We have seen our domestic relations made the subject of the deliberations of a foreign assembly, arrogantly assuming the lofty appellation of "the world's convention," and presuming to deliberate upon the most expedient mode of depriving us of our property. It seems, indeed, from a late occurrence, that even the national flag affords but a feeble protection to our rights.

In our own country, we have seen the Constitution of the United States set at defiance. That plain provision, which declares that a "person charged in any State with treason, felony, or other crime, who shall flee from justice, and be found in another State, shall, on the demand of the executive authority of the State from which he fled, be delivered up to the State having jurisdiction of the crime," has been strangely construed not to embrace felons who steal from us our slaves, and escape with them into non-slaveholding States. Of what benefit to us is the Union of the States, if thieves may enter our territory, steal from us our property, and escape all punishment, by taking refuge in non-slaveholding States? Can it be supposed, for a moment, that we will quietly submit to such palpable violations of our constitutional rights? Or can it be expected that, when the thief is taken in the act, within our own limits, and the jury have assessed his punishment, the executive of the State is at liberty to exert the pardoning power, and qualify the culprit for a repetition of the offense?

The people of the slaveholding States have freely shed their blood, and expended their money, in defense of the Union; ay, even in defense of the territories of those very States from which they have since suffered such grievous wrongs. They have, without a murmur, consented to the expenditure of vast sums of the national treasury, for the protection and defense of those States; and they are now willing to suffer any privation, and to undergo any sacrifice, for the preservation, in its integrity, of the national Constitution.

According to the decisions of the judicial tribunals of some of the non-slaveholding States, if a citizen of a slaveholding State enter with his slave any of those States, the slave becomes free, and cannot be forced to return. Until within a few years, a law prevailed in several of the European States, vesting the effects of deceased foreigners in the sovereign, to the exclusion of foreign heirs.—"Why," exclaims the eloquent Vattel, "does there still remain any vestige of so barbarous a law in Europe, which is now so enlightened and so full of humanity?" In some of the States of this Union, we find a law equally barbarous—a law which sets at defiance both comity and justice. Such laws are indeed calculated to render us alien in feeling and in interest.

Surrounded by fanatics, who are countenanced, if not encouraged, in their diabolical designs, by the civil authorities, not only of foreign nations, but of sister States, shall we fold our arms, and quietly gaze upon the torch of the incendiary, in calm despair, without making an effort to defend our lives or protect our property? If so, we deserve to perish.

Our laws may seem harsh to those who are ignorant of the wrongs we have suffered, and the dangers that surround us; but when it is known that the Constitution of our common country has been set at defiance for the purpose of depriving us of our property, and that our firesides have been repeatedly violated for the same unholy design, just men will applaud us for our forbearance, and our determination to protect ourselves in the enjoyment of our rights. We have never interfered with the domestic relations of other States, and we will not suffer them to interfere with ours.

I am aware that some of the non-slaveholding States have condemned, in the most unqualified manner, the designs of the abolitionists. My remarks are not intended to apply to those States, nor to those of our fellow-citizens therein, who, in a noble and disinterested vindication of our rights, have been borne down by numbers.

I trust that there is a redeeming spirit in the American people, that will yet frown down the violators of our Constitution and laws, and rebuke all attempts to invade the rights of any portion of the people. Until that day comes, this State will be found vindicating the rights of her citizens, and protecting their property by the strong arm of the law.

In view of all the circumstances, and of all the facts, I feel that I would be doing injustice to the State, and to its citizens, and exposing their property to like offenders, if I granted your petition.

Very respectfully, your ob't. serv't,
THOMAS REYNOLDS.

The Standard.

EAST INDIA COTTON.

The southern press seem to exult greatly over the fact, that the Americans engaged to conduct the East India Cotton Experimental Establishment, at Surat, have returned home. They, doubtless, have the most hearty desire that the scheme should fail; but we apprehend that their exultation is premature. The fact seems to be, that the formidable obstacles in the way of success arose from the ignorance, negligence, or perversity, of the government officers, who had the control. They would not allow the Americans to exercise their own judgment in the choice of soils and locations, or give them sufficient means to produce the desired result. They quarrelled; the collector called them "a grumbling, grudging, grasping gang," and they came home in a huff, for which they seem to have had sufficient reason. In all this there is nothing to prove that American cotton cannot be grown in India, under proper management. Like other people, they will gain knowledge by experience.

The imports of India cotton into England, during the first months of 1842, are nearly three times as much as for the same period in 1841. The imports from the United States have decreased more than 2 per cent. in the first quarter of this year.

The Savannah Republican contains a letter from a Georgian, well acquainted with the culture of cotton, who is now in India. We make the following extract:

"I am perfectly satisfied that cotton will grow here, as well as in any other country, and can be made at much less cost. I can hire five men here for what would be paid in Georgia, for a 16 years old boy; and as many day-laborers as I want, at five cents a day, and find themselves; and rent only costs $2 25 an acre. So you see it does not require much means to hire a whole village with all its land and inhabitants. I have made arrangements to go into it largely next year, as I can command any amount of money I want for investments in farming."

The London correspondent of the Journal of Commerce, writes thus:

LONDON, April 18th, 1842.

The growing of cotton still attracts considerable attention in this country, with the sanguine hope of eventually doing without the growth of the United States, in the manufactures of cotton here, and of making the staple in question a source of limitless wealth to British India. It is contended that it is an inconceivable weakness to give English custom to a foreign land, not hostile, because not yet prepared for war, and to be by custom, the greatest patron and upholder of negro slavery in the world. It is also boldly avowed that India is capable of supplying England with all the cotton-wool she requires; and ten times more if requisite. These are the opinions advanced by a knot of enterprising capitalists, who have adopted the paper, "The Indian News," to advocate their views, and to support them in all their positions and future consequent operations. It is maintained that the demand in India for domestic uses alone is 750,000,000 lbs. annually—that within the last twenty years she has exported large quantities, and in one year 139,000,000 lbs. The consumption of cotton-wool by England, in her manufacture, and sent by her to foreign countries, is stated not to exceed four or five hundred millions of pounds; of which India does not furnish one-tenth part, the greater portion being produced by America. But this India cotton is of the indigenous kind, and not fit for English consumption. Its staple is the finest in the market, but it is also the shortest, and to work it up to any advantage here, it requires mixing with the longer staples of the United States. The mode in which it is ginned is most infamous, and it arrives in this country mixed up with foreign matter, mud, leaves, twigs, &c. Now, the object of the Assam company is to change all this, and to have the cotton cleanly gathered, and to introduce a new system in effecting it. The gatherers are to be taught, and inspected, for some time at first, and a considerable outlay is to be incurred

All the American plants have been found to fail where this indigenous cotton is produced; and it seems that the upland Georgia and New Orleans have not flourished anywhere to the south of north latitude 21 degrees. The Egyptian acclimates in two spots in Bengal and Behai, but the Sea Island has failed everywhere in the interior. The Pernambuco, or Brazil cotton, yields well in the Coromandel Tenasserim coasts. The Sea Island will answer at Vizagapatam, Sauger Island, and at Singapore. The Bourbon also succeeds in the southern part of the peninsula, and in Mysore, but the produce decreases as the equator is approached.

The following are the words of the editor of the "Indian News":

"The specimens of the several varieties of American cotton are nearly, if not fully, equal in quality to the article sent from America into the English market; although grown only by amateurs, not planters, chiefly to gratify the Horticultural Society of Calcutta; and which efforts have proved, most satisfactorily, not only that American cotton of the best qualities can be produced, but they have exhibited the places where they can be raised, and under what circumstances they can be brought into the market. There is, however, a most important point still unnoticed, and this is the *price* at which the American cotton can be grown on the spot where it is cultivated, leaving out of the question the expense of its conveyance to the coast." * * "The yield of indigenous cotton does not exceed thirty or forty pounds per acre in the ceded districts." * * "The average between Vizagapatam in nineteen degrees north latitude and Tinnevelly in nine degrees, gives 108 lbs. per acre." * * "The average yield in the Madura districts is less than 70 lbs. of clean cotton an acre." * * "In Guzerat, Mr. Warden found it 107 lbs. per acre." * * "Proceeding to the north, however, as we recede from the equator, the yield becomes greater; and in the latitude of twenty-seven degrees north, at Calpeo, we find Mr. Bruce reporting, that the produce varies, in the worst lands, from 130 to 200 lbs. of clean, indigenous cotton; whilst in the best lands the produce is on an average 335 lbs. and in some as high as 671 lbs. per acre. In New Orleans, a bag, or 300 lbs. of clean cotton per acre is estimated a fair crop; while we have been informed that in the new land of Texas as much as 1,000 lbs. an acre have been raised. Now, it is clear that, for the best indigenous and New Orleans cottons we must look to the northwestern provinces of India alone, where the culture may be carried on with every prospect of success. The land tax has been fixed, and, it is to be hoped, sufficiently low for the next twenty years, to enable the enterprising cotton planter to procure cotton, for the English market, to be grown for him with profit; since his plantations may be situated along the banks of the two navigable rivers of the Doab, and conveyed by water to Calcutta. In like manner, the Egyptian cotton seems to thrive best midway between Calcutta and Delhi; and the Sea Island, of the very finest quality, has been produced at the mouths of the Ganges, at Vizagapatam, on the Burmese coast, and at Singapore. The produce at Vizagapatam was 290 lbs. per acre, which would pay well, while indigenous cotton in the neighborhood did not produce more than 94 lbs. at Ganjam; only 50 lbs. at Massulipatam, and 62 1-2 at Guntoor, in the same parallel of latitude."

COTTON SEED FOR INDIA.—The undertaking of raising cotton in India has not been abandoned; the editor of the Savannah Republican says he has strong reasons for believing that the experiment is still going on—for, "as we passed along the wharf, we saw two hundred and fifty neat, iron-bound casks, each of which would contain about two bushels, going on board the ship Aurelius; and, on inquiry, we learned they all contained cotton seed, except fifteen, which were filled with unginned Sea Island cotton. The seed was both Upland and Sea Island; and the shippers, Messrs A. Low & Co. informed us that it was ordered for the East India market; it would be reshipped at Liverpool, and would probably be nearly a year reaching its destination.

From the New-York Evangelist.

A WHOLE FAMILY SET FREE.

At a meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, on May 11th, a committee of forty made a report on the state of the cause, and the encouragement for renewed efforts, in view of the increased readiness of the people to hear. The report proposed that $50,000 should be raised for the Executive Committee the coming year. This was warmly advocated by some and opposed by others.

Among its opposers was a Quaker, from Long Island. He had uttered only two or three sentences, when the house rang with enthusiastic applause. On looking at the door, we perceived a midle-aged, noble-looking, keen-eyed man, coming in with a child in his arms—accompanied by his wife, who carried a still younger child, his mother, who seemed in the prime of life, and a group of bright-looking children. Room was soon made for them on the platform where they seated themselves, in a very modest and quiet manner. It was Lunsford Lane, with his emancipated family.

A host of inquiring eyes were turned towards them, and many seemed ready to say "who are these?" It was popossed that the motion before the meeting should be withdrawn, that this curiosity might be gratified. "No, it need not be withdrawn," said Mr. Collins, "Lunsford Lane will be the best advocate for the resolution." The state of the question was then explained to Mr. Lane, and he stepped forward to the front of the platform, and with the gracefulness of nature's true eloquence, related his story, as follows:

Mr. Chairman; it is a source of great rejoicing to my heart to present to this meeting, these, in whom my life consists. I have, for twelve months been going from house to house, and from place of business to place of business, to tell my story, and ask for help, so that my history is known to you, and many others.

In 1838, I made a bargain with the man who held my wife and children, to pay him twenty-five hundred dollars for their freedom. After I had raised $620, and paid it, very severe laws were passed, forbidding colored people to remain in the State. I received a notice from two justices of the peace, requiring me to leave within 20 days. It prostrated my hopes. My money was lost; my bright expectations were lost—my family was lost; and I was lost of course.

I went round among my friends, [for I had some friends there,] and asked their advice. Mr. Manly, a lawyer, my tried friend, though he is a slaveholder, advised me to get up a petition, praying the legislature to allow me to remain. They were to convene in about three months.

["Where did you live?" said a voice in the crowd. "You have not told us that, yet."]

At Raleigh, N. C. It took me nearly three months to get my petition ready, and get it signed by the leading men in the place. When the legislature met, I called on the members. I went from boarding-house to boarding-house with my petition, and stood upon the steps of the State house, to meet them when they came in. While they read the petition, I talked and cried; and for what? For those in whom my life was hid. After reading my petition, many of them told me it would have been better for me to have remained a slave. Then, said they, you could not have been ordered to leave the State, and be separated from your wife and children.

[It should be remembered that Mr. Lane had paid $1000 for himself before he could begin to purchase the freedom of his family. This fact he modestly kept out of sight, till it was stated by another.]

After awhile my petition was brought before the legislature, but they drove it out of the house. I was then taken into court, to see if I could not be a slave for remaining in the State, against the law. It so happened, that those who were trying to get me into slavery, were not ready to meet the cause; and I succeeded, by the help of my friend, Mr. Manly, in getting it put off three months. When that time was nearly gone, Mr. Manly told me that as the others were not ready before, he could so manage it, that I should not be ready. He did so by ———, but I need not tell you how. The case was again put off three months, and I began to hope that I should escape, and not again be entangled with the yoke of bondage. But at length the time for the trial drew near. Mr. Manly told me it would certainly go against me, and that I had better leave the State. It was hard to leave my family, but I dared not stay. I took one of my little girls, and fled, on the night of the 18th of May, a year ago. I went to Massachusetts, and placed my daughter in Boston, where, on the 14th of April, I left her. I had placed her in *school*, to which I never in my life, had the honor of carrying a pitcher of water to the scholars. My story was told, and many who never saw me, heard of it, and sent their money. I raised $1400. I wanted but $1380, and I raised 14, yes, $1500. I then did not wish to get into danger if I could help it. So I wrote to Mr. Smith, who held my family, asking him to get a writing from the Governor, permitting me to come into the State to pay the money and take them away. My letter was dated the 5th of April, and on the 12th, an answer was received. It stated that the Governor said he had no authority for granting me a written permission to come into the State, but he authorized Mr. Smith to write that I might come and remain 20 days with perfect safety. On the 11th of April, I left Boston, and arrived at Raleigh on the 23d. I had no expectation of staying 20 days, and did not fear any danger, but I was disappointed. Two constables came at night, and took me from the house, and carried me to the State house. On the way, they told me I had been giving anti-slavery lectures in Massachusetts. They said they had full proof of it, and that I need not deny it. I was taken before Mr. Loring, editor of the Standard, who was the police judge. He read the writ, and then said: "Have you been giving anti-slavery lectures in Massachusetts?" I don't know, I replied; but if your honor will permit, I will tell you what I did do. He gave me leave, and I said: "Mr. Loring, it is not hid from you how I was driven from Raleigh. I staid here many months after it was tried to drive me away; and I paid money more than once, that I might have a longer time to stop. They found I could not be run off: and why did I cling so to this spot? It was because of those in whom my life is hid. At length, when I could no longer tarry, I took one child, my little ewe lamb, and went away.

When I reached Boston, I made known my story. The people drank it in, as the fat of the land. I found they felt for my family; so I went from house to house, and from store to store, and from church to church, and told the people a true story of what my heart felt. I said no more than I would have said here. Now, Mr. Loring, have I delivered anti-slavery lectures?" Mr. Loring said he did not see as I had done wrong. I looked about on the people, and nearly every face looked bright towards me. The richest men in the place stood forth in my defense. There was Mr. Boylan, who owns three hundred slaves, and Mr. Manly, and many others, who owned 50 slaves or more, who befriended me. But there were many, who did not own the hair of a slave, who were ready to crush me to the earth. A crowd of them were gathered around the house, so that Mr. Loring advised me not to go out alone. You had better finish your business as soon as you can, said he, and leave town to-morrow, which would be the 26th of April.

"No, I will leave to-day," I said.

"But your business will not be in a proper state," said Mr. Loring.

"No matter; proper state, or not, I will leave town to-day, if the cars will carry me. Everybody knows me here, and if they want to kill me, they can do it. I will go, and will not stop till I get to Philadelphia; for freedom is *all over* that place. My friends furnished me with a guard, and I went to the cars. There I met the Governor. He shook hands with me, and as he gave me his right hand, his left went into his pocket, and he gave me a three dollar bill. He said he should be glad to grant my request, if it had been in his power, and would now serve me in any way he could. A crowd was then gathering around the cars, and the conductors became excited, and told me I should not go with them;—that if I was on the cars, they would not start, though they had the mail to carry. So I was left behind, and the crowd soon took me into their own hands, and said they would go with me and search my trunks. Some of them said I had two trunks, and some said I had three, though I had but one; they opened that, and turned over all my old rags that were in it. They took up one thing after another and shook it, but they found but one paper. They seized that, two or three of them taking it at once; but they could not make out any thing against me, from it, and most of them left me. My friends then advised me to go to jail as the only place of safety; and they would come in the night, and let me out, so that I could go among my friends, finish my business, and leave the place.—They came as they agreed, when all seemed quiet. I had scarcely gone 30 yards from the jail, when I was suddenly surrounded by an innumerable company, who rushed upon me and raised me from the ground, and carried me on their shoulders. Then I was indeed high and lifted up. Thus I was carried, as in a whirlwind, towards the gallows. Then my heart sunk within me. I thought all was gone.—But I perceived they went by the gallows, to the banks of a little creek, on the borders of the town. There they let me down, and permitted me to walk through the water. My coat and boots had been pulled off in the crowd. From the creek the crowd accompanied me up a small hill, about half a mile, to the woods. On the way, one of the men struck me, because I did not go fast enough. Then they told me to tell them all about those anti-slavery lectures. I asked them if they heard what I said in the court house. "Yes," said one of them; "but now I want to hear the truth."

"I am glad you want to know the truth, I told them, for the truth is what I have always lived by. I always took delight in telling the truth." I then told the same story I had told them before. They said that was not the truth. I told then I was not in possession of any other truth, on the subject, and of course I could not give it to them.

I then looked anxiously about me, expecting to see the rope and the gallows; for I thought they were going to hang me, but had not dared to do it on the common gallows. While I was looking about, I saw a bucket: and wondered what it was for. Soon a pillow was brought, and then I perceived the bucket was full of tar. They stripped off the remainder of my clothes, and covered me with tar, almost from my head to my heels. Then opening the pillow, they covered me liberally with the equipment of an anti-slavery lecturer. [Laughter and cheers.] I never professed that my heart was full of abolition, but I now stand on this platform, and say, that if any man ought to be an anti-slavery lecturer, Lunsford Lane is the man. [Here Mr. Lane offered to read some interesting letters, forgetting that he had not stated how he escaped from his tormentors. How did you get away? said a voice in the crowd.]

I was set at liberty by the people, who said, "Now we have done what we wished to do. Now go home and be not afraid. You may do what business you please, and you shall not be hurt. We merely wished to let the aristocracy know that they should not have their own way."

I then went home, and there all was confusion and almost death. My wife and family were in mourning and sackcloth, expecting to hear that I was hung.

When I entered the house, though I was so strangely dressed, my wife embraced me with cheerfulness, and commenced taking off my coat of tar and feathers. She had scarcely commenced, when the house was darkened by those who put it on.—They asked me when I expected to leave town. "To-morrow," I replied. "I suppose you have business to do," they remarked. "If so, go and do it; and don't feel embarrassed." A guard was stationed round the house, to defend me, but I dared not trust myself to sleep in the house, or hardly out of it. I slept at the house of Mr. Smith, the man of whom I bought my family. The next morning, I went to see Mrs. Hayward, the owner of my mother.

To my great joy, she told me she had concluded to let my mother go free, as I was her only child, and it would almost kill her to part with me. She said, if I ever felt able to pay her two hundred dollars, I might do it. My friends, Mr. Boylan and Mr. Manly, then assisted me to get money for my certificates of deposit. I paid it over to Mr. Smith, and took his bill of sale. It was then near twelve o'clock, and there was a great crowd gathering in the public streets. There was not so great a crowd, when Lafayette went through Raleigh.

From the free remarks that were made, as they moved towards the depot, Mr. Loring judged that it was not safe for me to go there. I was therefore put into a carriage and taken, by a roundabout way, to a spot on the railroad, about a mile and a half distant. My family were all put aboard, at the usual place, and the crowd were looking anxiously for me, but they knew not where I was. An arrangement was made with the conductor to stop, when I gave him a signal. He did so, and I jumped aboard. This was Tuesday morning, and I stopped not, till, on Thursday morning, I stepped my foot on the free land of Philadelphia. It was on the 26th of April, about 9 o'clock, I had the happiness to imagine I heard the shackles fall from those who are dearer to me than life. He here referred to the time when he paid the money.

The bill of sale was then read to the meeting by Mr. Spear. It was like a bill for selling any other property. It stated that Mr. Smith sold to Lunsford Lane, a dark mulatto woman, and then mentioned the children by name. One was called Alex, in the bill; "I named him Alexander," said Lane, quickly; "I want all that belongs to us."

As the children were mentioned one after another, they rose, or were raised up before the meeting, exhibiting the bright countenances of young immortals, such as the people of this nation buy and sell as they do swine.

Now, said he, as he concluded his story, I have not a dollar in my pocket, yet I think there is not one here who feels richer or happier than I.

From the Emancipator.

A POINT CONNECTED WITH THE UNION.

A spirited and industrious writer in the Boston Courier, who signs himself "Investigator," is now writing a series of arguments to illustrate the practical workings of our present Union, through the controlling influence of what he calls the semi-civilized States of Mississippi, Arkansas, and Missouri; which, with a mingled population of less than eight hundred thousand, a large portion of them lawless and semi-civilized, and one-third absolute slaves, control the government of seventeen millions of people. He estimates that these States have cost the country, to purchase, and defend, and govern them, at least twenty or twenty-five millions of dollars; and still require a yearly expenditure of two or three millions for their protection, and are in all respects a source of weakness to the nation. He then estimates that they may have 36,000 families, able to consume, on an average, $100 worth of foreign goods, yielding to the government, on an average, 12 per cent.; and the poor whites, a very numerous class, consume one-tenth as much; and the slaves nothing foreign; so that the whole revenue they yield the government is $456,000. And yet these States have six Senators in Congress, who control and shackle the whole action of the government; and under their influence the main purposes of the Union are defeated, and the whole action of the federal government is undergoing a rapid deterioration, while the prospects for the future are still more gloomy. The following is one view which he gives:

"The expenses of the government, by a heavy reduction on three of the four or five past years, according to the estimate of Mr. Clay, will amount to $26,000,000 for the current year. The ordinary expenditures for the years 1837, 1838, 1839 and 1840, were, on the average, $28,000,000—and, with extraordinary appropriations, they amounted to $35,640,486. Mr. Clay, however, as has been before remarked, does not point out a single item of the expenditure in which there can be a saving of $500,000—in consistency with his own views of the necessary and most economical wants of the government; nor has any member of the House or Senate proposed such reduction in their own wages, or the salaries of the officers of government, or in the strength of the army and navy, where alone any important saving can be made, as will lower the expenditure of this year, and coming years, one dollar below the last five or six years.

On the other hand, the southwestern States, which, from their poverty and paucity of population, and the uncertain attachment of a portion of it to their several State governments, or to the general government, are unable to protect themselves against the belligerent movements of their more warlike neighbors, the Indians, Mexicans, Texans, &c. &c.—these feeble States, whose working population consists mainly of slaves, whose earnings do not amount to one-fifth part of the wages of the free laborers of the North; or a mixed class of freemen equally destitute, for the most part, of property, which indeed cannot exist in communities in so low a state of civilization, and where the rights of property and the rights of men are so little respected, as in Arkansas, Mississippi, &c. &c. These States, and some others not far above them in property or character, although they oppose taxation, are calling for more government troops, to do for them what the northern and western States have done for themselves—namely, to defend them against the incursions of their neighbors—stimulated to vengeance by the wrongs done to them by the inhabitants of these States; who, had the honor and welfare of other States been duly considered, would never have been admitted into the Union—since they have heretofore been an unqualified source of weakness, and the cause of an immense pecuniary expenditure. The principal item of expenditure for the past fifteen years, has been the payment of government troops, &c. &c. for the prosecution of wars against the Indians—not *national wars*, but wars of aggression—for the purpose of extending the limits of the country, already too large; or if otherwise, to obtain lands unjustly, which would have been gladly ceded to their owners, for one-twentieth, or perhaps one-fiftieth part of the sum expended in their conquest. This is not all. Those wars still continue, at an annual expense of at least $5,000,000.

These things are certainly worth considering, by those sections of the country which have these expenses to pay, and which will have to repay these loans if they are ever paid. Nothing prevents the progress of civilization in the Southwest, but slavery. Abolish that, and let benevolence and patriotism have a free field, and they would soon make these wild communities as peaceful and enlightened, as virtuous and thriving, as the North.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

The Washington correspondent of the United States Gazette, gives the following interesting sketch, descriptive of the appearance and influence of this venerable statesman in the House of Representatives:

"There, now look down, in front of you, and on the further side of the hall, and you will see a small, man standing and addressing the House. His appearance is venerable, but he stands erect, unbent with the weight of seventy-five summers, though his head a large portion of which is bald, is whitened by the frosts of that number of winters. You see, the members have gathered around him, all the seats near him being filled and many chairs having been brought in and placed in the open space in front of the clerk's seat. His voice is sharp, sometimes loud and shrill, at others so low and indistinct that it is impossible to hear what he says, but you can see by the close and riveted attention of the members that what he says interests them deeply. Generally he stands almost motionless, but when he brings out one of his short, emphatic sentences or exclamations, he makes a strong gesticulation with his head and body; bowing it down and swinging it as it rises with great energy, at the same time uttering the emphatic word. Perhaps he has succeeded, as he seems delighted to do sometimes, in raising a perfect tornado in the House; in that case you see a dozen members or more, all on the floor at the same time, crying out, 'Mr. Speaker' 'Mr. Speaker,' 'I rise to a point of order,' 'Mr. Speaker,' &c. Amidst all this hubbub, confusion, uproar, and excitement, in which the voice of Mr. Wise, who is just below us on this side of the hall, is heard above all the rest, you look over to see whether he who raised this whirlwind has been blown off in it, and you observe him staring, with a look as innocent as a lamb, and as cool and unmoved as the peak of Teneriffe. Now and then, perhaps uttering a single sentence with terrible energy and effect, or giving a taunt or reply to some of his assailants, which come upon them like the cuffs of a bear upon the canine foe that has dared to come within the reach of his paw.

"I need not tell you who that man is; there is but one JOHN QUINCY ADAMS in the world, and no human being would be mistaken for him, or he for any other man. He is, indeed, a wonderful man; the first in his seat, the last to leave it; no call of the House ever finds him 'gone home to get his dinner.' With such steady and constant attendance at the House, and taking so large a share in its business, one is at a loss to know when he finds time to perform the immense labor he does with his pen, and a palsied hand. But that he does perform it we know, for the evidences of it are daily before us. Certainly he can never sleep, and never weary, and he who expects to encounter him in a conflict, must rise as early, and be as wide awake as he, or he will be sure to come off 'second best;' as every man who has ever had the temerity to grapple with him, has had good reason to know."

AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

The following extract from the annual report of this society in New-York, will convey some idea of the immense number of publications which have been issued by that society:

"Thirty-two new publications, including nine volumes have been issued; whole number of publications on the society's list 1,016, including 131 volumes, besides 1,634 approved for foreign stations.

	Volumes.	Publications.	Pages.
Printed during the year,	245,000	4,812,000	100,108,000
Circulated, "	185,152	4,478,799	94,329,045

The circulation exceeds that of the last year by 13,647,480 pages, and includes 2,786 sets of the Evangelical Family Library, of 15 volumes; 524 of the Christian Library, of 45 volumes; upward of 8,000 each of several separate volumes; 91,000 of the Christian Almanac for the United States; and of some four page tracts from 100,000 to 150,000 copies each. Total circulated in seventeen years, 1,220,090-921 pages.

The gratuitous distributions of publications to the destitute, made in 574 distinct grants, with publications delivered to members and directors, amount to $10,403 01; exceeding the last year by 3,695,982 pages.

Receipts, in donations, including $11,846 99, for foreign distribution, $34,941 03; for sales, $56,214 11: total, $91,155 14. Remitted for foreign and Pagan lands, $15,000. At the close of the year there was due on bills sanctioned, $10,603 39.

One hundred and eighty-five thousand volumes have been circulated during the year, including 2786 sets of the Evangelical Family Library. By

Boston during that week, returned again and again to the anti-slavery convention; saying they could nowhere else find such life and eloquence.

The following were among the resolutions discussed:

N. P. Rogers, in behalf of the business committee, reported the following resolution:

Resolved, That the enslaving influence of the country is its religion, (falsely called Christian,) and not its politics; that it is by moral, and not political or legal agency, that the slave system is to be abolished.

William Lloyd Garrison offered the following amendment:

Resolved, That the strongest enslaving influence of the country, is its prevalent religion, (falsely called Christian;) and therefore, in order most speedily, and effectually to secure the overthrow of slavery, and give liberty to all who are sighing in bondage, every effort should be made, by the friends of impartial freedom, to expose the wickedness and imposture of this religion, and to cause the people to repudiate it, at once and forever.

Samuel J. May offered the following amendment to the amendment of Mr. Garrison:

Resolved, That the strongest enslaving influence of the country comes from that class of men, and those communities, that stand before the people as the teachers and Churches of Christ; that little, therefore, is done, or can be, towards the subversion of that great system of wickedness, against which we have combined, any further or faster, than we bring the people to see the inconsistency of the course pursued by the ministers and churches, with the principles and spirit of the gospel, and persuade them to learn of Christ, rather than of those who have so sadly perverted, or failed to declare and apply His truth.

After much discussion, laid on the table.

The business committee reported the following resolutions on the dissolution of the Union:

Whereas, the existence of slavery is incompatible with the enjoyment of liberty in any country;

And whereas, it is morally and politically impossible for a just or equal union to exist between liberty and slavery;

And whereas, in the adoption of the American Constitution, and in the formation of the Federal Government, a guilty and fatal compromise was made between the North and the South, by which slavery has been nourished, protected, and enlarged up to the present hour, to the impoverishment and disgrace of the nation, the sacrifice of civil and religious freedom, and the crucifixion of humanity;

And whereas, the South makes even moral opposition to her slave system a heinous crime, and avows her determination to perpetuate that system at all hazards, and under all circumstances;

And whereas, the right of petition has been repeatedly cloven down on the floor of Congress, and is no longer enjoyed by the people of the free States —the liberty of speech and the press is not tolerated in one half of the Union—and they who advocate the cause of universal emancipation, are regarded and treated as outlaws by the South;

And whereas, by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, the right of trial by jury is denied to such of the people of the free States as shall be claimed as goods and chattels by southern task-masters, and slavery is declared to be the supreme law of the land; from which decision there is no appeal to any higher judicatory, except to the people, on the ground of revolutionary necessity;

And whereas, to reverence justice, to cherish liberty, and to promote righteousness, are the primary duties of every people, from the performance of which they cannot innocently escape by any compact or form of government; therefore,

1. Resolved, That the consequences of doing right must ever be more safe and beneficial than those of doing wrong; and that the worst thing Liberty can do, is to unite with Slavery, and the best thing is to withdraw from the embraces of the monster.

2. Resolved, That the American Union is, and ever has been, since the adoption of the Constitution, a rope of sand, [so far as the North is concerned,] and a concentration of the physical force of the nation to destroy liberty and to uphold slavery.

3. Resolved, That the safety, prosperity and perpetuity of the non-slaveholding States require that their connection be immediately dissolved with the slave States in form, as it is now in fact.

After a very animated discussion, continuing through two days, they were laid on the table; the object of their introduction being to elicit full and free discussion on the subject.

Charles Lenox Remond offered the following resolution, which was supported by the mover, and J. B. Buffum, and unanimously adopted.

Resolved, That we earnestly recommend to every abolitionist in Massachusetts, to besiege the legislature with petitions, till legislative enactments shall put an end to the outrage upon the rights of our colored citizens on some of the railroad lines of the States, and we recommend to every voter to ascertain the sentiments of candidates upon this point, before they support their election.

The following resolutions were presented by Wendell Phillips, and adopted:

Resolved, That the recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, in regard to fugitive slaves, and the constitutionality of the law of 1793, is a gross assumption of power on the part of the United States, and sustained on grounds utterly repugnant to the principles of the Constitution; and that it demands the freest and boldest expression of dissent on the part of the free States.

Resolved, That every man is (morally and legally) to trample it under foot, as he should every law and decision, which conflict with humanity and the law of God.

Resolved, That abolitionists be recommended to petition Congress for an immediate repeal of the act of 1793, and also the State legislatures for the enactment of a law, forbidding their officers to carry that act into execution.

Wendell Phillips offered the following resolution, which was passed unanimously, viz:

Resolved, That in all the struggles of our cause, we recognize the hand of God, making most preeminently the wrath of man to praise Him, and wafting our principles further on the shouts of the mob than our feeble voices could have carriedthem; that every day shows us more and more the religious character of our enterprise, urging its sacred claim to our time, our influence, and our wealth; that we enter on another year of anti-slavery action, trusting in God for strength to avail ourselves of the constant opportunities His providence is opening before us, to hasten the triumph of humanity over a corrupt church, venal parties, and a reckless and cruel people.

FREDERIC DOUGLAS.

The following tribute to this eloquent speaker is from the Boston Courier:

"When we entered the anti-slavery meeting in Chardon street, a colored man was addressing a numerous assembly, with great fluency and correctness, endeavoring to prove, by fact and argument, that the Christian Church, 'so called,' is the bulwark of slavery, and the great obstacle to the progress of human liberty. The speaker's name, we understood, was Douglas; and we were further informed, that he was a fugitive from slavery. We have seldom heard a better speech before a popular assembly—better, we mean, as to the language and the manner. Many of the speakers who followed him, and of a lighter complexion,—men who boasted that they were ministers, and who had, doubtless, the advantages of education,—might well be desirous of emulating the appropriateness of his elocution and gesticulation, and the grammatical accuracy of his sentences.

"After several speeches had been made by white abolitionists, another colored man, Mr. Hilton, arose, and modestly asked leave to state a few facts, connected with the topic under discussion. He mentioned several incidents that had occurred in different churches in Cambridge, to show that, notwithstanding the cry in favor of universal freedom and equality, the colored man was not admitted to full participation of the ordinary courtesies of life, even among those who claimed to be abolitionists on Christian principles. He stated, also, the case of a colored man who bought a pew in Park street church, Boston, and was prevented from sitting in it with his family.

"At length, Douglas again took the floor, to state some facts which occurred at New Bedford, the place of his residence. He related several anecdotes, in a sort of sarcastic tone, showing the inconsistency of the professions of many of the Christian churches, which rail against slavery and uphold it by their practice. He stated that at an administration of the Lord's supper, in the M. E. church at New Bedford, the elements were not administered to the colored, until *all* the white people had been served; that *then* the minister invited the colored ones to come forward and partake; "for that God is no respecter of persons." It seems that this minister was one of Mr. Douglas' auditors, and sat near him, while he was making this statement. The tone and manner with which Douglas pronounced this quotation, imitating, apparently, the voice and manner of the Methodist minister, must have cut like a two-edged sword.

FREE LABOR and SLAVE LABOR.

GREAT RACE BETWEEN THE NORTH AND THE SOUTH

The above engraving is a very expressive illustration of the effects of free labor and slave labor. Look at those two characters (which may stand as likenesses of master and overseer) one pushing and the other flogging the animal whose labor they wish to obtain! What is the result of all their efforts? Two idle men are wasting their time and energies; for the creature will not stir one step. He has planted his fore-feet out, with the most indomitable obstinacy, as if he had made up his mind to become a fixture in the soil; while his hind-foot is lifted for a kick at his tormenters, if he can get a convenient chance. This is a position which certainly does not indicate that he is a good Christian; but it proves that he is not so much of a Jackass, after all.

Look at the other character, pursuing the opposite policy; wiser, as well as more humane. He has no whip, cudgel or bridle. He simply holds a bunch of vegetables before the creature's nose; and donkey as he is, he sets out after them full chase, allured by the smell of the eatables, and assured that he shall have the chewing of them at last. Hurrah! merrily ride, thou sagacious traveller! Whole volumes of political economy, and huge treatises on education, and folios on the safety of emancipation, are written in that shrewd device of thine. Aye, wave thy hat in triumph, thou practical philosopher! and shout to that cudgeller behind thee, that the northern *donkey* beats the southern, out and out, on the race course of productive labor; and all because a bunch of *beets* are before his nose, instead of *beats* on his back! Never fear giving offense to his *republicanism* by the assinine illustration! He is accustomed to consider all laborers as beasts of burden; he buys them in the market, with oxen and cart-horses. Hurrah! and let him who *can* stop thy speed, while that blessed bunch of provender goes before thee! Will not southern statesmen learn a lesson from this race between the North and the South?

That some of them are taking it to heart, may be guessed from paragraphs that now and then find their way into southern papers. For instance, the Louisville Gazette says:

"The most potent cause of the more rapid advancement of Cincinnati than Louisville, *is the absence of slavery*. The same influences that made Ohio the young giant of the west, and is advancing Indiana to a grade higher than Kentucky, have operated in the queen city. They have no *dead weight* to carry, and consequently have the advantage in the race."

The fact is, Louisville has been constantly going down, while Cincinnati has been steadily and rapidly going up; until the latter numbers two to one in population, commerce, and manufactures. No wonder Kentucky tolls an alarm bell. How much longer will Henry Clay be able to muffle its tones, and keep them from the ears of the people? How much longer will he, in the wisdom of his statesmanship, think best to patronize the cudgelling and pushing system?

A gentleman writing from East Tennessee, writes thus:

A few days since, 127 slaves passed in a drove. They were going from a worn-out plantation in North Carolina, to a fresh one in the western district of this State. When they have made that sterile, they may go next to Texas."

Why is it that slavery wears out the soil, and continually needs new territory to blight? Why is land in Virginia, once famous for fertility, now selling for two dollars an acre? It is from inherent, and altogether incurable evils in the system. Among these evils, one of the most prominent is the employment of overseers. Yet overseers and drivers are absolutely *necessary* in the slave system; not because negroes are different from other men, but because they are just like other men. The motives which induce the free laborers to work are taken away from them, and therefore they must be driven. The beast of burden has no vegetables before his nose to run after, so two men must be hired to beat and push him. These overseers and drivers, by the very nature of their office, must be men without tenderness of heart or conscience. Mr. Wirt, of Virginia, who had a good chance to know them, described them as, "the lowest of the human race;" and it is easy to believe the description true. What other characters would consent to be employed in such a base and wicked office?

They are, however, a necessary part of a vicious system; and since they must be employed, the planter must make it for their interest to get as much out of the land and out of the slave as possible.

"If they were to give overseers a stated salary, without regard to the amount of produce, the overseers, (who are proverbially unprincipled men,) would have no motive for consulting the interest of their employers—it would be a matter of indifference to them, whether much or little work were done. To obviate this difficulty, it is customary to give the overseer a certain *proportion* of the profits of the plantation. Of course, it becomes his ruling desire to get the greatest possible amount of work done. He does not care how much the soil is exhausted, nor how much the negroes are broken down. If a slave says he is very ill, the overseer is unwilling to believe the story, because he is reluctant to lose a day's labor. If the poor creature droops under his allotted task, he must be stimulated by the whip, because the overseer cannot spare an hour of his exertions. If the "slave dies under *moderate* punishment," the master must furnish a new laborer; and the loss falls on *him*, not on the overseer. It is obviously natural for the latter personage, to think more of his own gains than of his employer's losses. Everybody knows that men are prone to drive hired horses with less mercy than their own; because they do not meet with any personal loss from injury done to the beast, and their object is to get their money's worth of riding. Is it not a fearful thing for one human being to be placed towards another in the same relation that a stable-horse is, toward the man who hires him?"

The *practice* of this system, as impolitic as it is sinful, is excused by multitudes; but none has been found foolhardy enough to praise it in *theory*. The evidence against it is overwhelming. We extract the following from Mrs. Child's Appeal:

FREE LABOR AND SLAVE LABOR.

Wo unto him that useth his neighbor's service without wages, and giveth him not for his work.—*Jeremiah*, xxii. 13.

Political economists found their systems on those broad and general principles, the application of which has been proved by reason and experience to produce the greatest possible happiness to the greatest number of people. All writers of this class, I believe without exception, prefer free labor to slave labor.

Indeed, a very brief glance will show that slavery is inconsistent with *economy*, whether domestic or political.

The slave is bought, sometimes at a very high price; in free labor there is no such investment of capital. When the slave is ill, a physician must be paid by the owner; the free laborer defrays his own expenses. The children of the slave must be supported by his master; the free man maintains his own. The slave is to be taken care of in his old age, which his previous habits render peculiarly helpless; the free laborer is hired when he is wanted, and then returns to his home. The slave does not care how slowly or carelessly he works; it is the free man's interest to do his business well, and quickly. The slave is indifferent how many tools he spoils; the free man has a motive to be careful. The slave's clothing is indeed very cheap, but it is of no consequence to him how fast it is destroyed—his master *must* keep him covered, and that is all he is likely to do; the hired laborer pays more for his garments, but makes them last three times as long. The free man will be honest for reputation's sake; but reputation will make the slave none the richer, nor invest him with any of the privileges of a human being—while his poverty and sense of wrong both urge him to steal from his master. A salary must be paid to an overseer to compel the slave to work; the free man is impelled by the desire of increasing the comforts of himself and family. Two hired laborers will perform as much work as three slaves; by some it is supposed to be a more correct estimate that slaves perform only *half* as much labor as the same number of free laborers. Finally, *where* slaves are employed, manual industry is a degradation to white people, and indolence becomes the prevailing characteristic.

Slave owners have indeed frequently shown great adroitness in defending this bad system; but, with few exceptions, they base their arguments upon the necessity of continuing slavery because it is already begun. Many of them have openly acknowledged that it was highly injurious to the prosperity of the State.

Henry Clay, in his address before the Colonization Society of Kentucky, has given a view of the causes affecting, and likely to affect, slavery in this country, which is very remarkable for its completeness, its distinctness, and its brevity. The following sentences are quoted from this address:

"As a mere laborer, the slave feels that he toils for his master, and not for himself; that the laws do not recognize his capacity to acquire and hold property, which depends altogether upon the pleasure of his proprietor, and that all the fruits of his exertions are reaped by others. He knows that, whether sick or well, in times of scarcity or abundance, his master is bound to provide for him by the all-powerful influence of self-interest. He is generally, therefore, indifferent to the adverse or prosperous fortunes of his master, being contented if he can escape his displeasure or chastisement, by a careless and slovenly performance of his duties.

"This is the state of the relation between master and slave, prescribed by the law of its nature, and founded in the reason of things. There are undoubtedly many exceptions, in which the slave dedicates himself to his master, with a zealous and generous devotion, and the master to the slave, with a parental and affectionate attachment. But it is my purpose to speak of the *general* state of this unfortunate relation.

"That labor is best, in which the laborer knows that he will derive the profits of his industry; that his employment depends upon his diligence, and his reward upon this assiduity. He then has every motive to excite him to exertion, and to animate him in perseverance. He knows that if he is treated badly he can exchange his employer, for one who will better estimate his service; and that whatever he earns is *his*, to be distributed by himself as he pleases, among his wife, and children, and friends, or enjoyed by himself. In a word, he feels that he is a free agent, with rights, and privileges, and sensibilities.

"Wherever the option exists to employ, at an equal hire, free or slave labor, the former will be decidedly preferred, for the reasons already assigned. It is more capable, more diligent, more faithful, and in every respect more worthy of confidence.

"It is believed that nowhere in the *farming* portion of the United States, would slave labor be generally employed, if the proprietor were not tempted to raise slaves by the high price of the southern market, which keeps it up in his own."

Speaking of an attempt, more than thirty-five years ago, to adopt gradual emancipation in Kentucky, Mr. Clay says: "We were overpowered by numbers, and submitted to the decision of the majority, with the grace which the minority, in a republic, should ever yield to such a decision. I have nevertheless never ceased, and never shall cease, to regret a decision, the effects of which have been, to place us in the rear of our neighbors—who are exempt from slavery—in the state of agriculture, the progress of manufactures, the advance of improvement, and the general prosperity of society."

Mr. Appleton, in his reply to Mr. McDuffie, in the winter of 1822—a speech distinguished for its good temper, and sound, practical sense—says: "I do not think the gentleman from South Carolina has overrated the money price of New England labor at fifty cents; but most of the labor is performed by the *owners of the soil*. It is great industry alone, which makes New England prosperous. The circumstance that with this cheap, slave labor, the South is complaining of suffering, while the North is content and prosperous with dear, free labor, is a striking fact, and deserves a careful and thorough examination. The experience of all ages and nations proves that high wages are the most powerful stimulus to exertion, and the best means of attaching the people to the institutions under which they live. It is apparent that this political effect upon the character of society, cannot have any action upon slaves. Having no choice or volition, there is nothing for stimulus to act upon; they are, in fact, no part of society. So that, in the language of political economy, they are, like machinery, merely capital; and the productions of their labor consists wholly of profits of capital. But it is not perceived how the tariff can lessen the value of the productions of their labor, in comparison with that of the other States. New-York and Virginia both produce wheat; New-York, with dear labor, is content; and Virginia with cheap, labor, is dissatisfied.

"What is the *occupation* of the white population of the planting States? I am at a loss to know how this population is employed. We hear of no products of these States, but those produced by slave labor. It is clear, the white population cannot be employed in raising cotton or tobacco; because, in doing so, they can earn but twelve and a half cents per day, since the same quantity of labor performed by a slave, is worth no more. I am told, also, that the wages of overseers, mechanics, &c. are higher than the white labor of the North; and it is well known that many mechanics go from the North to the South, to get employment during the winter.—These facts suggest the inquiry, whether this cheap slave labor does not paralyze the industry of the whites? Whether *idleness* is not the greatest of their evils?"

During the famous debate in the Virginia legislature, in the winter of 1832, Mr. Brodnax made the following remark: "That slavery in Virginia is an evil, and a transcendent evil, it would be more than idle for any human being to doubt or deny. It is a mildew, which has blighted every region it has touched, from the creation of the world. Illustrations from the history of other countries and other times, might be instructive and profitable, had we the time to review them; but we have evidence tending to the same conviction, nearer at hand, and accessible to daily observation, in the short histories of the different States of this great confederacy, which are impressive in their admonitions, and conclusive in their character."

During the same session, Mr. Faulkner, of Virginia, said: "Sir, I am gratified to perceive that no gentleman has as yet risen in this hall, the avowed *advocate* of slavery. The day has gone by, when such a voice could be listened to with patience, or even forbearance. I even regret, sir, that we should find one amongst us, who enters the list as its *apologist*, except on the ground of uncontrollable necessity. If there be one who concurs with the gentleman from Brunswick, (Mr. Gholson,) in the harmless character of this institution, let me request him to compare the condition of the slaveholding portion of this commonwealth—barren, desolate, and seared as it were, by the avenging hand of Heaven—with the description which we have of this same country, from those who first broke its virgin soil.—To what is this change ascribable? Alone to the withering and blasting effects of slavery. If this does not satisfy him, let me request him to extend his travels to the northern States of this Union, and beg him to contrast the happiness and contentment which prevails throughout the country—the busy and cheerful sound of industry—the rapid and swelling growth of their population—their means and institutions of education—their skill and proficiency in the useful arts—their enterprize, and public spirit—the monuments of their commercial and manufacturing industry; and, above all, their devoted attachment to the government from which they derive their protection, with the division, discontent, indolence, and poverty of the southern country. To what, sir, is all this ascribable? To that vice in the organization of society, by which one half of its inhabitants are arrayed in interest and feeling against the other half—to that unfortunate state of society in which freemen regard labor as disgraceful—and slaves shrink from it as a burden tyrannically imposed upon them—to that condition of things, in which half a million of your population can feel no sympathy with the society in the prosperity of which they are forbidden to participate, and no attachment to a government at whose hands they receive nothing but injustice.

"If this should not be sufficient, and the curious and incredulous inquirer should suggest that the contrast which had been adverted to, and is so manifest, might be traced to a difference of climate, or other causes distinct from slavery itself, permit me to refer him to the two States of Kentucky and Ohio—no difference of soil—no diversity of climate—no diversity in the original settlement of those two States, can account for the remarkable disproportion of their national advancement. Separated by a river alone, they seem to have been purposely and providentially designed to exhibit, in their future histories, the difference which necessarily results from a country free from, and a country afflicted with, the curse of slavery. The same may be said of Missouri and Illinois.

"Slavery, it is admitted, is an evil—it is an institution which presses heavily against the best interests of the State. It banishes free white labor—it exterminates the mechanic—the artisan—the manufacturer. It deprives them of occupation. It deprives them of bread. It converts the energy of a community into indolence—its power into imbecility—its efficiency into weakness. Sir, being thus injurious, have we not a right to demand its extermination? Shall society suffer, that the slaveholder may continue to gather his *vigintial crop* of human flesh? What is his pecuniary claim, compared with the great interests of the common weal? Must the country languish and die, that the slaveholder may flourish? Shall all interests be subservient to one?—all rights subordinate to those of the slaveholder? Has not the mechanic—have not the middle classes their rights?—rights incompatible with the existence of slavery?"

Sutcliff, in his Travels in North America, says: "A person not conversant with these things, would naturally think that where families employ a number of slaves, everything about their houses, gardens, and plantations, would be kept in the best order. But the reverse of this is generally the case. I was sometimes tempted to think that the more slaves there were employed, the more disorder appeared. I am persuaded that one or two hired servants, in a well-regulated family, would preserve more neatness, order, and comfort, than treble the number of slaves.

"There is a very striking contrast between the appearance of the horses or teams in Pennsylvania, and those in the southern States, where slaves are kept. In Pennsylvania, we met with great numbers of wagons, drawn by four or more fine, fat horses, the carriages firm and well made, and covered with stout, good linen, bleached almost white; and it is not uncommon to see ten or fifteen together, travelling cheerfully along the road, the driver riding on one of his horses. Many of these come more than three hundred miles to Philadelphia, from the Ohio, Pittsburg, and other places; and I have been told by a respectable friend, a native of Philadelphia, that more than one thousand covered carriages frequently come to Philadelphia market."

"The appearance of things in the slave States is quite the reverse of this. We sometimes meet a ragged black boy or girl driving a team, consisting of a lean cow or a mule, sometimes a lean bull, or an ox and a mule; and I have seen a mule, a bull, and a cow, each miserable in its appearance, composing one team, with a half-naked black slave or two, riding or driving, as occasion suited. The carriage or wagon, if it may be called such, appeared in as wretched a condition as the team and its driver. Sometimes a couple of horses, mules, or cows, &c. would be dragging a hogshead of tobacco, with a pivot, or axle, driven into each end of the hogshead, and something like a shaft attached, by which it was drawn, or rolled along the road. I have seen two oxen and two slaves pretty fully employed in getting along a single hogshead; and some of these come from a great distance inland."

Miss Martineau, in her most admirable little book on Demerara, says: "Labor is the product of mind as much as of body; and to secure that product, we must sway the mind by the natural means—by motives. Laboring against self-interest is what nobody ought to expect of white men—much less of slaves. Of course, every man, woman, and child, would rather play for nothing than work for nothing.

"It is the mind, which gives sight to the eye, and hearing to the ear, and strength to the limbs; and the mind cannot be purchased. Where a man is allowed possession of himself, the purchaser of his labor is benefited by the vigor of his mind through the service of his limbs: where man is made the possession of another, the possessor loses at once and forever all that is most valuable in that for which he has paid the price of crime. He becomes the owner of that which only differs from an idiot in being less easily drilled into habits, and more capable of effectual revenge.

"Cattle are fixed capital, and so are slaves: But slaves differ from cattle on one hand, in yielding (from internal opposition) a less return for their maintenance; and from free laborers on the other hand, in not being acted upon by the inducements which stimulate production as an effort of mind as well as body. In all three cases the labor is purchased. In free laborers and cattle, all the faculties work together, and to advantage; in the slave they are opposed; and therefore he is, so far as the amount of labor is concerned, the least valuable of the three. The negroes *can* invent and improve—witness their ingenuity in their dwellings, and their skill in certain of their sports; but their masters will never possess their faculties, though they have purchased their limbs. Our true policy would be to divide the work of the slave between the ox and the hired laborer; we should get more out of the sinews of the one and the soul of the other, than the produce of double the number of slaves."

As a matter of humanity, let it be remembered that men having more *reason* than brutes, must be treated with much greater severity, in order to keep them in a state of abject submission.

It seems unnecessary to say that what is unjust and unmerciful, can never be expedient; yet men often write, talk, and act, as if they either forgot this truth, or doubted it. There is genuine wisdom in the following remark, extracted from the petition of Cambridge University to the Parliament of England, on the subject of slavery: "A firm belief in the Providence of a benevolent Creator assures us that no system, founded on the oppression of one part of mankind, *can* be beneficial to another."

From the Philanthropist.

COMPARISON OF THE RESULTS OF FREE AND SLAVE LABOR.

We are not fond of making unnecessary comparisons between different sections of this Union. We have no sectional feeling, no sectional pride. Born in the East, a citizen of the West, with friends and relatives in the South, we feel an equal attachment to the whole Union. But regarding slavery as a curse to the States, we shall use every fair means to expose its injurious influences on their interests. Does it lead one portion of the Union to monopolize the political power of the general government, to the detriment of the whole country, we shall not hesitate, by comparative tables, that 'cannot lie, to demonstrate the fact to our countrymen. Does it embarrass the business, diminish the resources, and retard the progress of the nation, we shall try to make the fact so plain, that the most captious shall be unable to cavil. When we compare the prosperity of the free with that of the slave States, we design nothing invidious—we intend simply to show the manifold advantages of free labor, and thus make an appeal to the interests of southern men, which shall be unanswerable. The official statistics of the United States, for 1840, taken in pursuance of an act of Congress, afford an opportunity for such a comparison as must startle southern statesmen. This we have endeavored to make with all the care and fidelity of which we were capable, and the results we now present to our readers.

VALUE PRODUCED.

	Slave States.	Free States.
Mines,	$11,510,993	$44,244,863
Products of the Forest,	4,849,168	12,677,905
Fisheries,	1,956,183	10,578,479
Agriculture,	522,891,344	562,391,157
Manufactures,	83,935,742	334,139,690
	625,143,430	964,032,094
Difference in favor of the free States,		338,887,664
Commerce—capital invested,	$142,884,513	$248,087,910
Difference in favor of the free States,		105,203,397
Tonnage—tons and 95ths,	467,380 21	1,629,098 60
Difference in favor of the free States,		1,161,718 29
Population,	7,333,644	9,718,922
Difference in favor of the free States,		2,375,278
Territory—square miles,	602,940	448,336
Difference in favor of the slave States,		154,614

That is, while the free States have 34 1-2 per cent. less land, and only 32 1-4 per cent. greater population than the slave States, the difference in their favor is, in value produced, 54 per cent.
Capital invested in commerce, 73 1-2 "
Tonnage, 248 1-2 "

The immense aggregate of these differences must be put down chiefly to the credit of free labor.

It should be remarked, that the capabilities of the South under the system of slavery have been fully tested during the last ten years. The increase of its productions for the next decennial period, will be less than during the last. On the contrary, there is every reason to believe, that in the free States the reverse will be the fact. The territories of Iowa and Wiskonsan, so rich in minerals, water-power, and agricultural resources, are yet comparatively a wilderness; indeed, the resources of the Northwest generally remain yet to be developed. Its progress, during the next ten years, will surpass anything yet witnessed in the history of the most prosperous State. If, then, the contrast between the two sections of the Union is now so striking, what will it be ten years hence, should the South stubbornly refuse to change its dishonest, impoverishing system of labor, for that just, and beneficial system, which secures to the laborer the rewards of his own industry.

Communications.

DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION.

TARRYTOWN, BRADFORD COUNTY, PA.
May 27th, 1842.

The true friend of the slave must be also the friend of the master, and the friend of our whole country. The "*one idea*" of the abolitionist, in its most extensive sense, embraces the world. We may talk about dissolving the Union, or preserving the integrity of the Union. But either case, we only use a figure of speech; for we in can neither dissolve, nor hold together, what has no existence. That which we call our "glorious Union," is only a labored effort to unite incompatibles into a homogeneous body; an effort, which, if it has not already aborted, most certainly will. The history of the Union proves that liberty and slavery make a queer kind of compound, and that there can never be a safe union between them.

We have seemed to think that they could be melted down together, and make a kind of universal panacea for all the governments of the world. Thus we spread out the Declaration of Independence, and the star-spangled banner over a coffle of slaves. We read the Declaration on one stage; and on another, within sight, we sell our countrymen under the hammer of the sheriff, or auctioneer. Now, who would think of breaking *this* Union? 'Tis very, terribly strong. Who would try to preserve it? But we are a free nation—the freest on the earth; and all the blessings of freedom come in consequence of our glorious Union. Why, it is said, that "there is honesty among rogues, and *union among thieves!*" Who, then, can doubt *our* Union? I hope, hereafter, abolitionists will not spend their time in calculating the value of the Union, or of the dissolution of the Union; but show, that in very fact, we have no Union; that we never have had a Union, for a part of our countrymen; and that the part for which we have had an imaginary Union, is becoming less and less; and that this is an unavoidable consequence.

The originators of the Declaration of Independence made a noble *effort* for a Union. But slavery, like the never-dying worm, was busy, until it robbed the Declaration of half its glory. It was found to be a mere abstraction, in regard to a large portion of the people. It is now becoming an abstraction to other portions of the people; even those who have not the sable complexion. The Declaration, in this abstract form, was carried into our federal compact; and this, with all its abstractions, and smooth words, which we are now told are to be construed literally, only in an *abstract* sense, constitutes our glorious Union! All that is good for anything, in this glorious Union, let us keep hold of. The difficulty is not in the *Union*, but in the *dis*-Union; in the abstraction to which slavery reduces all our institutions; commencing at the Declaration itself. We must labor to counteract the workings of slavery, in all its Protean forms; and to prove to ourselves, and to the world, that the Declaration of American Independence is *not* an abstraction; that it is practical truth; and that it is the only sure foundation of good government and "glorious union" throughout the world. The work we have to do, is a mighty one. The union of the North American confederated republic has been *attempted*; efforts, mighty efforts, were made for it by Washington and his compatriots. Their labors have been seconded by many others, from that period down to the present time. They have not yet succeeded. The work must be done. *The union must be accomplished.* Who will do it? Slaveholding aristocrats, abstraction disunionists, high salaried and slaveholding D. D.'s, who own, sell, or hire out their members—will these do it? Will those who apologize for them, do it? Just as soon will the thorn bear figs, or the shadow cease to follow the sun. But when others plead

"The poor man's cause, and for labor's just reward,"

they cry out, "fanaticism!" "enthusiasm!" "you will dissolve the Union!" Who so blind as not to see that the Union *they* wish to accomplish and perpetuate, is a false, and oppressive Union? It ought to cease at once and forever. Those who

"Thunder in oppression's ear deliverance to the slave,"

can, and will accomplish the glorious union. The struggle is between liberty and slavery—union and disunion. The friends of liberty are for a union in truth and right; the anti-abolitionists are professedly opposed to slavery and disunion, *in the abstract*; but practically in favor of both. Hence the contest.

G. F. HORTEN.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM MASSACHUSETTS.

So far as I can judge, Webster has lost ground very much, even among those in the free States who are opposed to abolition. I frequently hear strong contempt expressed, where he was once almost worshipped. He has sold himself for naught; for the South will not have him, and he will lose his hold upon the North. Will he not find the truth of that memorable saying of the ancients, "Nemesis never sleeps." Almost the whole of our political world is a loathsome scene. An old English dramatist has keenly said,

"A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;
He fashions all sins on him, and the blows
Are never heard."

But among us, at least, this work cannot go on, without being heard and reported; there is some comfort in that.

The Anti-Slavery Standard.

NEW-YORK, THURSDAY, JUNE 9, 1842.

PROSPECTS OF THE ANTI-SLAVERY CAUSE.

"Act! with stern truth, large faith, and loving will!
Up, and be doing! God is with us still."

The last year has been one of cheering manifestations and most hopeful prophecy to the anti-slavery cause. The American Society grows stronger and stronger, every day. The energies of its friends are everywhere being awakened; hope and confidence grow strong; effort begins to return to its old centre. There never was a time, even in the old days of unanimity and zeal, when people seemed more willing to work in this noble cause. "Show us the best thing to do, and it shall be done!" is the spirit which prevails.

There could not be a time more fortunate for such manifestations, or better adapted to employ most efficiently all our energies. *Anti-slavery never had the ear of the nation as it now has!* Our means of access to the popular mind has increased an hundred fold. In the name of humanity and truth, let us improve the glorious opportunity! All we need is means to print and circulate, and send out agents.

Do you ask what is our plan? It is the same with which we started; viz: *The regeneration of public sentiment.* Do you ask our measures? They are the same as they ever were. We expect to accomplish our object, as Paul did, by the "foolishness of preaching." Preach, preach, preach! with the eloquence of tongue and pen, with the earnestness of continual action! Lay your hand upon the altar, and vow unto the Lord that this nation *shall* not remain ignorant of its guilt, its dangers, and its duties. Pray to God for strength to battle with falsehood, and wrestle with a giant wrong; and let the *hand* pray with the *heart*. Who can estimate the effect of genuine preaching—preaching that has life in it, and is in life? What wonders it has already accomplished on the subject of anti-slavery! Everywhere the ear of the people is gained; everywhere public opinion is in a state of rapid change. Here and there some drowsy, or casual observer calls out that anti-slavery has "died away." The flash of *lightning* attracted their attention; but they do not notice the broad, universal, *noon-day light*. Anti-slavery is everywhere. Through chinks and crevices, it shines athwart legislative halls; it makes its way through the thick pulpit-curtains; it peeps into the mission box; and throws a strong red beam across the merchant's cash-book.

"It is a garish, broad, and peering day,
Loud, light, suspicious, full of eyes and ears;
And every little corner, nook, and hole,
Is penetrated by the insolent light."

The State has brought its brick-bats, and the Church its "untempered mortar," to build a wall that would shut it out. Hail to the glorious beam! How it overleaps their barriers! How the mortar crumbles under its action! How it shines through, and makes the holes most visible!

Some are too impatient to wait the workings of moral influence on popular opinion. They forget that, once started, its progress is in galvanic ratio. They forget, too, that moral influence creates ecclesiastical and political action, while *they* cannot create moral influence. Thought ever precedes action, and is the soul, or moving-power, of action. Every institution, past or present, was originally an idea in some one person's mind. He uttered it to ten, the ten to a hundred, the hundred to a thousand. Thus growing through years, the *individual* idea becomes a *social* idea; then it flows into all outward forms, and makes anew the Church and State. The very elements become its ministers. Huge stones form buildings for its use, and carts roll, and horses gallop, and fire blazes, and steam puffs, and metals melt, and ships circle the globe—all for that one man's thought; until, at last, the *social* idea becomes a *world* idea; and thence goes forth on its mission through the *universe*.

Great, yea, omnipotent, is the power of moral influence! To this mighty agency we trusted at the commencement of our enterprise, and our faith in it is undiminished. The American Society stands on its old platform, broad enough to take in all the human race. *Its one, undivided object is to abolish slavery, by enlightening the minds and consciences of the people.* This enlightenment will *show* itself in political action, and ecclesiastical changes. But *these* are not the measures of the American Anti-Slavery Society; they are simply the natural and spontaneous *effects* of its principles and measures. As individuals, we shall, of course, each bring moral influences to bear on some religious sect, or some political party, or institutions, as conscience may dictate. Some will feel it a duty to urge monthly concerts of prayer, and some, abstinence from slave-labor produce; some will sustain anti-slavery doctrines by arguments and facts drawn from whig notions of a tariff; others will sustain them by appeals to democratic principles of anti-monopoly and equal privileges.

The American Society establishes no religious or political test. It requires both whig and democrat not to vote for slaveholders, or pro-slavery men. It expects Calvinists, and Quakers, and Baptists, and Unitarians, each to work in their own way. The one thing it requires of them is sincerity of purpose, and consistency of action. It does not prescribe any particular sphere of action for man or woman, white or colored. It says to each and all, "Work with us, according to your own conscience, and your own reason." It would unite with the Mahometan or the Pagan, to abolish slavery, as it would for the purpose of putting out a fire, or saving a drowning man. If General Jackson or General Gaines wished to exert all their influence against slavery, there is no reason why they should not be admitted to our platform, by the side of the most ultra non-resistant.—There *can* be no efficient associated action on principles less broad than these. If you object to your neighbor's opinions on some subject, foreign to the one for which you meet him, he has an equal right to object to *yours*; and so it may go on, in infinite subdivisions, till no two can stand together.

We love the *old* platform of the American Society; and we have stood by it through many shocks and temptations, because it is so broad that *all* may stand upon it with perfect unity of principle and purpose. We love the agency it adopts; because it is in its nature permanent and universal—well adapted to bear on *all* institutions, social, civil, and religious, and produce healthy changes in them all. We will not *be* party politicians; but they shall *do our work*, as steam, and water, and horse-power do it, in the natural course of things. We have no quarrel with those who are drawn into the branching path of third party, or liberty party, as it prefers to be called. We believe they are very much mistaken, and will put back the cause by their mode of effort to advance it. But we shall rejoice in any degree of good they may do, while we regret the over-balancing evil.

Our path is straight forward; our object is distinct;

our means to effect it well-defined. We have resolved *to abolish slavery by changing the moral sentiment of the nation, through the earnest, active, incessant promulgation of truth.* We have entered the arena, with Church and State for foes; we have struck the armor of both the giants, till it rings again. Our battle-cry has been, "In the name of God, we strike for the perishing and the dumb!" We will not retire from the conflict, till we have achieved the victory. Strong in our perseverance, bold in our integrity, we will stand our ground, through all manner of misrepresentation and abuse, from false friends and open foes; and the popular sentiment of the nation *shall* yield to us! It shall, because it ought; it will, because it must.

Come up to the rescue, friends! Strike while the iron is hot! Take the tide at its rise! *Never* was there a time so favorable for action as now. Every peal of the Liberty Bell will now be heard in a thousand echoes, through hill and valley. Ring with might and main! Ring it, till it wakes all sleep but that of death! Come with the wise thought, the eloquent tongue, the ready pen, the overflowing purse—reverently lay them all on the altar of human freedom! Angels will rejoice, and unborn nations bless the deed.—L. M. C.

PROSPECTUS OF THE STANDARD.

Forever float that STANDARD sheet!
Where breathes the foe but quails before us?
With Slavery's chain beneath our feet,
And *Freedom's* banner waving o'er us!

With this number, the National Anti-Slavery Standard commences its third year. Those who have taken it through the past year can judge what will be its probable course through the next. There is no probability that it will, during that period, change its editors, its principles, or its spirit; and we do not intend there shall be any dimunition of interest or variety in its columns.

It will, as heretofore, go straight ahead to its object of abolishing slavery; unmindful whether it cuts through Whigs or Democrats, Calvinists or Unitarians, Methodists or Quakers. It is their business either to help in our work, or keep out of our path. But while it evinces no sectarian or party predilections, it is more willing to praise than to blame, on all occasions where praise can be justly given; and it will never wantonly hurt the feelings, or wound the consciences of individuals of any sect or party. Its object is to convince *all* minds with anti-slavery facts and arguments, and kindle *all* hearts with honest zeal against slavery. This good work we intend to do with a spirit as earnest as it is friendly, as resolute as it is sincere.

As a matter of principle, good taste, and good judgment, we shall avoid all personality and controversy, so far as can possibly be done, without suppression of truth, or compromise of principle. We shall continue to oppose the formation of a distinct political party among abolitionists; but we shall do it with perfect calmness and courtesy. Our disapprobation of that scheme is not founded on dislike or contempt of those who trust in such agency; on the contrary, many of them have our highest respect. Neither do we oppose it on non-resistance ground. As the organ of the American Anti-Slavery Society, the Standard could not consistently do this; for an overwhelming majority of its members are in favor of *political action*, though averse to a *distinct party*. The society retains its faith that the *old* plan, of holding the balance of power between the two great parties, would give abolitionists a much speedier and more certain influence on the politics of the country, than this *new* scheme; and would, at the same time, be far more favorable to individual freedom of opinion on other topics, such as banks, tariff, &c. Moreover we firmly believe that party machinery will inevitably tend to weaken the moral influence of anti-slavery, by bringing into its ranks many whose hearts and consciences are not truly with us; and who will be ready, in time of temptation, to sacrifice abolition principles to temporary projects of sect or party.

Believing all this, in the sincerity of our hearts, we must needs give it honest, but never unkind, utterance.

Our object has been, and is, to make the Standard a good *family* anti-slavery newspaper. Therefore, we offer something for the young and the old, the politician and the moralist, the religious and the economical, the literary and the uneducated. It shall not be our fault, if the end of this volume finds the subscribers of the Standard none the better, the wiser, or the happier, for its influence.

CIRCULAR OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The ninth annual campaign of this Society for the destruction of slavery, begins with the most cheering prospects. We have all the elements of success at our command—harmony in council; zeal, and determination of purpose; a generous spirit of self-sacrifice for the interests of freedom; confidence in each other; and to crown all, the ability to give force and permanency to our operations. Let us be heard, while we address ourselves, in the name of the millions of our countrymen in bonds, to *every friend of freedom and justice, in the United States.*

The ninth annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society has imposed heavy duties on the Executive Committee. We are resolved to discharge those duties—to justify the confidence placed in us, by carrying into vigorous operation the great measures which the representatives of freedom in this country have pledged themselves to support by a munificent generosity. On the faith of that pledge, we address ourselves to *every friend of liberty and justice in the United States.*

☞ Give us your undivided attention, while we exhibit the duties which devolve equally upon us all.

The Executive Committee feel that they have accepted a solemn trust. The tone of the annual meeting, which has just been held in this city, the unusually large attendance, the deep interest manifested in all its proceedings, the consciousness of serious obligation, and above all, THE ONE HEART AND ONE MIND, *that the claims of humanity* SHALL BE HEARD AND ANSWERED BY THE NATION, impose on this Committee the necessity of strong and effective measures. The object of this Circular is to make known those measures to the country, and to call upon *every true heart* to co-operate with faith and might in carrying them into effect.

Among the means announced at the annual meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, to promote its objects, the chief were, the organization of local societies; the employment of able lecturers, to expose the wickedness of slavery, and to rouse the moral sense of the people against it; and the circulation of tracts and periodicals. That these have been productive of great good, cannot be questioned. It is equally certain, that they may effect much more. Especially the employment of lecturers, and the distribution of publications, are adapted to move the public sentiment to act against slavery. The holding of conventions in different sections of the country, is also an important measure. These, and other modes of action of a correspondent nature, form the series, which the Executive Committee are anxious to place in immediate operation, over the entire North.

To insure success, it is necessary that systematic efforts be made by the friends of humanity, in every section of the country. The Committee have already procured the services of ten or twelve lecturing agents—an insignificant number, when we consider the extent of the field that is before us. It is no exaggeration to say that *one hundred* might be profitably and usefully employed in New-York and the eastern States, alone. How shall we carry this measure into effect, without the zealous and prompt co-operation of individuals and societies?

We advise that our friends, in different sections, call meetings, and confer together on this subject, and communicate as speedily as possible with the Executive Committee. Let us have information on the following points: What persons are there in your compass, who can be secured as agents; and what are their qualifications? If you know of none, who have already been engaged in the service, can you not induce some one or more, possessing tact and ability, to enter the field? How many agents will your district sustain? What encouragement can you give us, to *send* an agent into the district? A word of the *character* of agents. As a general rule, they will be expected to collect an amount in donations, and subscriptions, equal to their own salaries and expenses. There are some districts of country that will do much more than this. We have two agents now in the field, whose salary and expenses each will not exceed $800, and they are pledged to collect $5000. We cannot expect the labors of every agent to be so bountifully rewarded as this; but we assert confidently, that there are few districts of country which may not be *made* to support an agency, without calling on the treasury of the National Society. The energetic co-operation of friends will be needed to procure this result.—Shall we not have that co-operation, and have it *immediately?*

Agents will have a strong claim on people of every class and denomination, in the Society's paper—the National Anti-Slavery Standard. They can speak with confidence of its character—that the principles on which it is conducted fairly entitle it to respect and confidence.

An Anti-Slavery Almanac, also, for 1843, will shortly be published by the Committee. It will contain a large amount and diversity of information, and will be sold at a moderate price. Towns, and localities, as well as individuals, are solicited to subscribe for the liberal circulation of this useful auxiliary to anti-slavery action.

We commend to every person who is friendly to the abolition of slavery, to gird on the strength of principle, and come up, speedily, in aid of our great purpose. Let there be no waiting for each other; but prompt action in each, and it will necessarily be simultaneous. The public sentiment of the nation is alive, and sensitive to impression from the principles of equal justice. Every day develops this encouraging fact, and assures us that any amount of labor we can bring into the field, will receive a just reward.

By the weeping and suffering of the millions of our fellow-beings in slavery, we call on the country to awake from its inaction, and commence a vigorous campaign for the ensuing year. Friends, whoever you be, whether members of anti-slavery societies or not, call meetings, and READ THIS CIRCULAR, without delay. Read it in the social circle—read it to your neighbors—press it on every conscience, and weary not in your efforts to make it productive of the best results.

Signed, on behalf of the Committee.

J. H. GIBBONS, *Chairman.*

L. M. CHILD, *Rec. Secretary.*

THOMPSON, WORK, AND BURR.

We have again and again spoken of these three pious and most exemplary young men, sentenced to twelve years of hard labor in the penitentiary of Missouri, for attempting to aid slaves to escape into Canada. Under the Pro-Slavery head will be found a letter from the Congregational Church, Middletown, Connecticut, asking the Governor of Missouri to pardon Alanson Burr, formerly a member of that church. The document has none of that "innocent boldness," which should characterize a Christian church. There certainly is a peculiar propriety in making official documents calm and respectful; but this seems to us sickly and servile; it leaves no room to imagine even a *suppressed* indignation against the abominable and accursed system of slavery. The governor's answer is characterized by that moral blindness, which might be expected to pervade a slaveholding region; and a cool insolence of pretension, very likely to be inspired by the timid letter from the church. It is lamentable to see how much more bold men are in doing wrong, than in doing right. The governor talks of the "ignominious crime" committed by the prisoners. What would he have called it, if, in the kindness of their hearts, they had attempted to assist his own sons to escape from Algerine captivity? Oh, then it would have been deemed most noble, most heroic; a deed worthy of medals and monuments, instead of chains and hard labor. Want of judgment in their *mode* of doing a good act, is all that enlightened philanthropy can charge against these benevolent young men.

We append the remarks of the Washington Globe, the chosen organ of *democracy* in this country. Nicholas of Russia must chuckle over such specimens of "liberty and equality."

GENERAL AGENT.

The Committee have made efforts to secure the services of an efficient general agent for the society, as yet without success. That no time may be lost for the want of one, John A. Collins, of Boston, consents to act temporarily in that capacity. No one can doubt that his labors will prove signally beneficial, in giving a new and strong impulse to the operations of the committee. He is now absent, to attend the annual meeting of the Ohio State Society, to represent the interest of the American Society in that body. We commend him to the generous confidence and regard of friends wherever he may go.

NOTICE TO AGENTS.

Packages of this number of the Standard have been sent to No. 25 Cornhill, Boston, for George C. Foster; and to Hartford, Conn., for James Monroe. Those agents who can advantageously dispose of some, are requested to send orders to this office forthwith. It is desirable that a strong effort should be made, at the commencement of the new volume, to increase the circulation of the Standard. Let us have no inaction this year, in any branch of the good cause.

LETTERS FROM NEW-YORK.—No. 27.

There is nothing which makes me feel the imprisonment of a city, like the absence of birds. Blessings on the little warblers! Lovely types are they of all winged and graceful thoughts. Dr. Follen used to say, "I feel dependent for a vigorous and hopeful spirit on now and then a kind word, the loud laugh of a child, or the silent greeting of a flower." Fully do I sympathize with this utterance of his gentle, and loving spirit; but more than the benediction of the flower, more perhaps than even the mirth of childhood, is the clear, joyous note of the bird, a refreshment to my soul.

"The birds! the birds of summer hours!
They bring a gush of glee,
To the child among the fragrant flowers,
To the sailor on the sea.
We hear their thrilling voices
In their swift and airy flight,
And the inmost heart rejoices
With a calm and pure delight."
Amid the morning's fragrant dew,
Amidst the mists of even,
They warble on, as if they drew
Their music down from Heaven.
And when their holy anthems
Come pealing through the air,
Our hearts leap forth to meet them,
With a blessing and a prayer.

But alas! like the free voices of fresh youth, they come not on the city air. Thus should it be; where mammon imprisons all thoughts and feelings that would fly upward, their winged types should be in cages, too. Walk down Mulberry street, and you may see, in one small room, hundreds of little feathered songsters, each hopping about restlessly in his gilded and garlanded cage, like a dyspeptic merchant in his marble mansion. I always turn my head away when I pass; for the sight of the little captives goes through my heart like an arrow. The darling little creatures have such visible delights in freedom;

"In the joyous song they sing;
In the liquid air they cleave;
In the sunshine; in the shower;
In the nests they weave."

I seldom see a bird encaged, without being reminded of Petion, a truly great man, the popular idol of Haiti, as Washington is of the United States.

While Petion administered the government of the island, some distinguished foreigner sent his little daughter a beautiful bird, in a very handsome cage. The child was delighted, and with great exultation exhibited the present to her father. "It is indeed very beautiful, my daughter," said he; "but it makes my heart ache to look at it. I hope you will never show it to me again."

With great astonishment, she inquired his reasons.—He replied, "When this island was called St. Domingo, we were all slaves. It makes me think of it to look at that bird; for *he* is a slave."

The little girl's eyes filled with tears, and her lips quivered, as she exclaimed, "Why, father! he has such a large, handsome cage; and as much as ever he can eat and drink."

"And would you be a slave," said he, "if you could live in a great house, and be fed on frosted cake?"

After a moment's thought, the child began to say, half-reluctantly, "Would he be happier, if I opened the door of his cage?" "He would be *free!*" was the emphatic reply. Without another word, she took the cage to the open window; and a moment after, she saw her prisoner playing with the humming-birds among the honey-suckles.

One of the most remarkable cases of instinctive knowledge in birds, was often related by my grandfather, who witnessed the fact with his own eyes. He was attracted to the door, one summer day, by a troubled twittering, indicating distress and terror. A bird, who had built her nest in a tree near the door, was flying back and forth with the utmost speed, uttering wailing cries, as she went. He was at first at a loss to account for her strange movements; but they were soon explained, by the sight of a snake, slowly winding up the tree.

Animal magnetism was then unheard of; and whosoever had dared to mention it, would doubtless have been hung on Witch's Hill, without benefit of clergy. Nevertheless, marvellous and altogether unaccountable stories had been told of the snake's power to charm birds. My grandfather, having a mind to test the truth of such stories, thought he would watch the progress of things; but, being a humane man, he resolved to kill the snake before he despoiled the nest. The distressed mother, meanwhile, continued her rapid movements and troubled cries; and he soon discovered that she went and came continually, with something in her bill, from one particular tree—a white ash. The snake wound his way up; but the instant his head came near the nest, his folds relaxed, and he fell to the ground rigid, and apparently lifeless. My grandfather made sure of his death, by cutting of his head, and then mounted the tree to examine into the mystery. The snug little nest was filled with eggs, and covered with leaves of the white ash!

That little bird knew, if my readers do not, that contact with the white ash is deadly to a snake. This is no idle superstition; but a veritable fact in natural history. The Indians are aware of it, and twist garlands of white ash leaves about their ancles, as a protection against rattlesnakes. Slaves often take the same precaution, when they travel through swamps and forests, guided by the North Star; or to the cabin of some poor white man, who teaches them to read and write by the light of pine splinters, and receives his pay in massa's corn or tobacco.

I have never heard any explanation of the effect produced by the white ash; but I know that settlers in the wilderness like to have these trees around their log houses, being convinced that no snake will voluntarily come near them. When touched with the boughs, they are said to grow suddenly rigid, with strong convulsions; after a while they slowly recover, but seem sickly for some time.

The following well-authenticated anecdote has something wonderfully human about it:

A parrot had been caught young, and trained by a Spanish lady, who sold it to an English sea-captain. For a time, the bird seemed sad among the fogs of England, where birds and men all spoke to her in a foreign tongue. By degrees, however, she learned the language, forgot her Spanish phrases, and seemed to feel at home. Years passed on, and found Pretty Poll the pet of the captain's family. At last, her brilliant feathers began to turn gray with age; she could take no food but soft pulp, and had not strength enough to mount her perch. But no one had the heart to kill the old favorite; she was entwined with so many pleasant, household recollections. She had been some time in this feeble condition, when a Spanish gentleman called one day to see her master. It was the first time she had heard the language for many years. It probably brought back to memory the scenes of her youth in that beautiful region of vines and sunshine. She spread forth her wings with a wild scream of joy, rapidly run over the Spanish phrases, which she had not uttered for years, and fell down dead.

There is something strangely like reason in this. It makes one want to know whence comes the bird's soul, and whither goes it.

There are different theories on the subject of instinct. Some consider it a special revelation to each creature; others believe it is founded on traditions handed down among animals, from generation to generation, and is therefore a matter of education. My own observation, two years ago, tends to confirm the latter theory. Two barn-swallows came into our wood-shed in the spring time. Their busy, earnest twitterings led me at once to suspect that they were looking out a building-spot; but as a carpenter's bench was under the window, and frequent hammering, sawing, and planing were going on, I had little hope they would choose a location under our roof. To my surprise, however, they soon began to build in the crotch of a beam, over the open door-way. I was delighted, and spent more time watching them, than "penny-wise" people would have approved. It was, in fact, a beautiful little drama of domestic love. The mother bird was so busy, and so important; and her mate was so attentive! Never did any newly-married couple take more satisfaction with their first nicely-arranged drawer of baby-clothes, than they did in fashioning their little woven cradle.

The father-bird scarcely ever left the side of the nest. There he was, all day long, twittering in tones that were most obviously the outpourings of love. Sometimes he would bring in a straw, or a hair, to be inwoven in the precious little fabric. One day my attention was arrested by a very unusual twittering, and I saw him circling round with a large, downy feather in his bill. He bent over the unfinished nest, and offered it to his mate with the most graceful and loving air imaginable; and when she put up her mouth to take it, he poured forth *such* a gush of gladsome sound! It seemed as if pride and affection had swelled his heart, till it was almost too big for his little bosom. The whole transaction was the prettiest piece of fond coquetry, on both sides, that it was ever my good luck to witness.

It was evident that the father-bird had formed correct opinions on "the woman question;" for during the process of incubation, he volunteered to perform his share of household duty. Three or four times a day would he, with coaxing twitterings, persuade his patient mate to fly abroad for food; and the moment she left the eggs, he would take the maternal station, and give a loud alarm whenever cat or dog came about the premises. He certainly performed the office with far less ease and grace than she did; it was something in the style of an old bachelor tending a babe; but nevertheless it showed that his heart was kind, and his principles correct, concerning division of labor. When the young ones came forth, he pursued the same equalizing policy, and brought at least half the food for his greedy little family.

But when they became old enough to fly, the veriest misanthrope would have laughed to watch their manœuvres! Such chirping and twittering! Such diving down from the nest, and flying up again! Such wheeling round in circles, talking to the young ones all the while! Such clinging to the sides of the shed with their sharp claws, to show the timid little fledgelings that there was no need of falling!

For three days all this was carried on with increasing activity. It was obviously an infant flying school. But all their talking and fussing was of no avail. The little downy things looked down, and then looked up, and alarmed at the infinity of space, sunk down into the nest again. At length the parents grew impatient, and summoned their neighbors. As I was picking up chips one day, I found my head encircled with a swarm of swallows. They flew up to the nest, and jabbered away to the young ones; they clung to the walls, looking back to tell how the thing was done; they dived, and wheeled, and balanced, and floated, in a manner perfectly beautiful to behold.

The pupils were evidently much excited. They jumped up on the edge of the nest, and twittered, and shook their feathers, and waved their wings; and then hopped back again, saying, "It's pretty sport, but we can't do it."

Three times the neighbors came in and repeated their graceful lessons. The third time, two of the young birds gave a sudden plunge downward, and then fluttered and hopped, till they lighted on a small upright log. And oh, such praises as were warbled by the whole troop! The air was filled with their joy! Some were flying round, swift as a ray of light; others were perched on the hoe-handle, and the teeth of the rake; multitudes clung to the wall, after the fashion of their pretty kind; and two were swinging, in most graceful style, on a pendant hoop. Never, while memory lasts, shall I forget that swallow party! I have frolicked with blessed Nature much and often; but this, above all her gambols, spoke into my inmost heart, like the glad voices of little children! That beautiful family continued to be our playmates, until the falling leaves gave token of approaching winter. For some time, the little ones came home regularly to their nest at night. I was ever on the watch to welcome them, and count that none were missing. A sculptor might have taken a lesson in his art, from those little creatures perched so gracefully on the edge of their clay-built cradle, fast asleep, with heads hidden under their folded wings. Their familiarity was wonderful. If I hung a gown on a nail, I found a little swallow perched on the sleeve. If I took a nap in the afternoon, my waking eyes were greeted by a swallow on the bed-post; in the summer twilight, they flew about the sitting-room in search of flies, and sometimes lighted on chairs and tables. I almost thought they knew how much I loved them. But at last they flew away to more genial skies, with a whole troop of relations and neighbors. It was a deep pain to me, that I should never know them from other swallows, and that they would have no recollection of me. We had lived so friendly together, that I wanted to meet them in another world, if I could not in this; and I wept, as a child weeps at its first grief.

There was somewhat, too, in their beautiful life of loving freedom which was a reproach to me. Why was not *my* life as happy and as graceful as theirs? Because they were innocent, confiding, and unconscious, they fulfilled all the laws of their being without obstruction.

"Inward, inward to thy heart,
Kindly Nature, take me;
Lovely, even as thou art,
Full of loving, make me.
Thou knowest naught of dead-cold forms,
Knowest naught of littleness;
Lifeful truth thy being warms,
Majesty and earnestness."

The old Greeks observed a beautiful festival, called "The Welcome of the Swallows." When these social birds first returned in the spring-time, the children went about in procession, with music and garlands; receiving presents at every door, where they stopped to sing a welcome to the swallows, in that graceful old language, so melodious even in its ruins, that the listener feels as if the brilliant azure of Grecian skies, the breezy motion of their olive groves, and the gush of their silvery fountains, had all passed into a monument of liquid and harmonious sounds.—L. M. C.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR SUBSCRIPTION LIST.

We open the list with the commencement of the third volume of the paper. It begins gallantly. Will our friends give it their especial attention, and make it speak for the zeal and generosity of the anti-slavery of 1842-3?

☞ An extra edition of two thousand copies of this number of the Standard has been published, for the use of agents, and for gratuitous distribution. We hope our friends in different parts, who may receive packages, will be prompt in making a wise disposal of them.

☞ The Progress and Results of Emancipation in the English West Indies, by John Jay. This excellent address, which we have before mentioned in high terms, is for sale in pamphlet form, at this office, 143 Nassau street.

☞ The Treasurer acknowledges the receipt of ten dollars, from Pliny Sexton, for James Boyle.

Anti-Slavery Items.

KIDNAPPING.—One of the results naturally to be expected from the decision of the Supreme Court, occurred last week in Philadelphia, and has produced a good deal of excitement. A man from Virginia, named Watson, claimed a colored woman as his property, and took oath before Alderman Binns that she was his slave some twelve years ago.

Her husband, Jabez Lowden, has brought an action against the hack-driver, who carried off his wife. His testimony in court was to the following effect:

"He stated that she came from Virginia nine years ago; that he was married to her seven years since, and never heard her intimate that she had been a slave. According to his testimony, it appears that Watson visited Philadelphia almost every spring, and that he invariably called to see him and his wife; was always friendly, and never hinted, much less made, any claim to her as his property. On Friday afternoon he visited Watson at his lodings at the United States Hotel, by request, and was kindly treated. Watson invited him to call with his wife, and see him in the evening; he did call with her; and after being in the room some time, Watson desired him to inquire at the bar below for some gentleman; he made the inquiry, and ascertained that the person asked for had left the city in the morning. Upon his return, he found the door of the room locked; and asking admission was refused. He exclaimed, 'What does this mean?' Watson replied, from the inside, 'I know what it means;' at which time he heard his wife cry out, 'This is a trap set to kidnap me.' Upon this, Lowden ran to the residence of several friends, none of whom he could procure. On his return, he found them taking his wife out of the private door of the hotel, and placing her in a carriage. He remonstrated, crying murder, &c. This brought a great concourse of people to the spot, together with several watchmen and a number of the police. From a statement made by one of the party in the park, that she was in custody of a constable, and under commitment to Moyamensing, the officers allowed the hack to leave. It was driven down Fifth street, with a crowd still following, and her husband clinging to the vehicle, and hallooing at the top of his voice. He says that at, or near, the corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, a man left the hack, who, he believes, was constable Crawford; and soon after he lost sight of the vehicle. Lowden proceeded the next morning to Wilmington, and there encountered Watson in a railroad car, with his wife; he refused him permission to see her, and threatened if he did not leave the place to shoot him with a pistol, which he flourished at the time."

Luckily, this unfortunate couple have no children. It is not thought likely that the woman will ever be recovered, or that the principal actor in the outrage will be reached. Some of his subordinate agents may, perhaps, learn to be more cautious in future.

A FREEMAN'S ANSWER.—A slave girl lately escaped from her master in Albany. The mayor, being called upon to assist in re-capturing her, promptly replied, "In the discharge of my duties as mayor, I recognize no obligation to become a slave-catcher."

A GOOD IDEA.—The Liberator says, that the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society are making vigorous efforts to have the approaching anniversary of West India emancipation, which comes on the first of August, celebrated simultaneously throughout the State, by encouraging the abolitionists in each town to interest the citizens, so as to get up an Anti-Slavery *Pic Nic*, in which those of both sexes, and of all ages, may participate; and would recommend that this plan should be adopted by the abolitionists of all the New England States.

IMPORTANT PROJECT.—The Wabash Express, published at Terre Haute, states that a convention of colored people from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, assembled at that place on Monday fortnight. Its object was to appoint delegates to a national convention at Philadelphia, having in view the melioration of the colored race, by settlement in the Oregon territory, and the adoption of some measures to secure from Congress a grant of land in that new country.

Congressional.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

In the House, the army and navy appropriation bills have been the absorbing topic. Sweeping reforms and retrenchments are the order of the day. The item for repair and increase of the navy has been reduced, from $3,165,000 to *two* millions; the navy yard at Charlestown, from $86,000 to $29,000; that at Brooklyn, from $183,000 to $129,000; and that at Philadelphia, from $17,000 to $1,600.

There is the same tendency to reduction and economy shown toward the army. J. Q. Adams proposed to reduce the army to 6,000, the standard of 1821; and the proposition met with universal favor. When Judge Upshur heard that the House had cut down the navy bill nearly three millions, he was in great excitement; he threatens to resign, if the Senate ratify the bill.

When Adams left the presidential chair, the cost of the army and navy was about eight millions per annum. The estimates for the current year are near eighteen millions. Eighteen millions per year for mere instruments of slaughter, with nobody to kill, seems to be a large allowance.

On June 2d, a curious scene occurred in the House. A bill to amend the charter of Alexandria, was taken up, and on motion of Cave Johnson, an amendment was adopted, extending the right of suffrage to all males of twenty-one years of age, residents for one year, and *whites*.

Mr. Adams put the House in a blaze, by moving to recommit the bill, with instructions to strike out the word "WHITE" from the clause fixing the qualifications of electors.

He said that the subject had been "*forced* upon him by the *firebrand course* of the gentleman from Tennessee," (Cave Johnson). He had voted for every motion to lay on the table, and for Mr. Briggs's amendment, with a view to avoid this issue thus forced upon them. He, with most of his friends, had united with those from the South, that "if possible, this cup might pass from them. But all in vain. The gentleman from Tennessee, and his friends, had determined that this question of universal suffrage, which, at this moment, had just convulsed the Union, and had brought a portion of it almost to bloodshed, should now be thrown like a firebrand into this Hall, to excite again discussions of a character peculiarly agitating to the South.

He proceeded in a vein so pungent, witty, and pointed, that the whole House were chained to his words. The southerners at first looked blank to see "the old lion again unchained;" but after one or two unsuccessful attempts to "head him," they very wisely joined in the laugh at their own expense, while he stated the great difficulty of discriminating at the polls, among the infinite shadings of complexion, who were *white* men. He declared that at least twenty members of Congress were *not* white; they certainly would find more difficulty in passing muster, under a "strict construction," than multitudes of quadroons, or light mulattoes.

He said the gentleman would find this question of suffrage broader than he had imagined; it was based upon the imprescriptible rights of man, restricted only by age, and a certain residence. Why is it, said he, that the idiots, the lunatics, the paupers, and the refuse of prisons, are allowed to vote, provided they are *white*, and respectable black citizens are deprived of the exercise of their rights? He said that this clause might lead to a judicial inquiry—what is a white man? He pledged himself, if put to the test, to produce one hundred *colored* men in this District, that were lighter colored than the twenty *white* members, of whom he had spoken. He said that many of his constituents were black negroes, and they were as respectable as any others of his constituents. Why is it that you deprive a portion of men of their political rights, because of a certain tincture of the skin?

His challenge to the members from Virginia, as to the perilous convulsion and disruption threatened in that State by the agitation of the question of universal suffrage, was forcible and startling; he paused for a reply, which no one ventured to make.

W. C. Johnson, of Md. replied, with great violence, charging Mr. A. with introducing this subject to create agitation in the slave States; from which he had received nourishment and support in his elevation to the presidency, for whose interests he had acted; but now, like the serpent in the fable, he had turned round to sting his benefactor to death; and by his course, was tending to deluge their fields with blood, &c. &c.

Some excitement was raised, several points of order made, and the bill laid on the table.

Mr. Giddings, in the course of some remarks on the army appropriation, maintained that the country was in a condition to dispense with a portion of the army. The fortifications were of no use—and the expense of manning and arming them would serve no purpose but to engender and keep up a morbid spirit. No troops were wanted for Florida. The gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Cushing) had contended that there was a point of honor to be settled with Great Britain, about the Creole case. That was an affair, as he undertook to show, at length, in which the *free* States had no concern. He referred to the course of the House in censuring him for holding that opinion. He justified the opinion at length. This government, he argued, had nothing to do with the Creole case.

Several gentlemen, at various times, called Mr. Giddings to order. But the chairman (Mr. Underwood) decided that he was in order.

Mr. Giddings concluded, saying he would write out what he intended to say, more fully; and the House adjourned.

THE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR PLAN.

The following Resolution was unanimously passed at the late Annual Meeting:

Resolved, That a "ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR" Subscription List be commenced, and that Individuals, Parties, Societies, and Towns, be earnestly requested to be parties thereto.

In compliance with this resolution, we shall set apart a corner of the paper for the acknowledgment of these ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR RECEIPTS, distinct from the Treasurer's usual account.

1	A friend, by John A. Collins,	$100
2	do. do.	100
3	do. do.	100
4	do. do.	100
5	Francis Jackson,	100
6	Wendell Phillips,	100
7	Milbury, by Abby Kelley,	100
8	West Brookfield, by do.	100
9	Farmington, N. Y., by J. C. Hathaway,	100
10	Portland, Me., by Nathan Winslow,	100
11	Galen, N. Y., by Jacob Ferris,	100
12	Goshen, N. Y., by Daniel Carmichael,	100
13	Northampton, Mass., by E. D. Hudson,	100
14	Prospect, Conn., by James Monroe,	100
15	Ellis Gray Loring, Boston,	100
16	Louisa Loring, Boston,	100
17	Female Anti-Slavery Society, Boston,	100
18	Nantucket, by Eliza Barney,	100
19	Hampton, Conn., by James Monroe,	100
20	Albany City, by Abigail Mott,	100
21	Samuel Philbrick, Brookline, Mass.	100
22	Norwich, Conn., by Louisa Humphrey,	100
23	Lunsford Lane,	100
24	Frederic Douglas and John Baily,	100
25	Rodney French,	100
26	George Bradburn,	100
27	Cape Ann, Mass., by John Allen,	100
28	Long Island, by J. S. Gibbons,	100
29	Providence, R. I., by John A. Collins,	100
30	Samuel Cook, of Weymouth, Mass.	100
31	Salem, Mass., by Charles C. Remond,	100
32	East Greenwich, R. I., by Martha Brown,	100
33	Eldridge, Sprague & Co.	100
34	Worcester, Mass., by George Evans,	100
35	George J. Adams, Fiskville, R. I.	100
36	Wrentham, Mass., by Fisher Messenger,	100
37	Hamblin County, by Dr. Jefferson Church,	100
38	Lynn, by Jonathan Buffum,	100
39	D. H. Brown, Brattleboro', Mass.	100
40	Samuel Reese, for the Northern N. Y. A. S. Soc'y,	100
41	South Danvers, by Abner Sanger,	100
42	Samuel Cook, Weymouth,	100
43	Josiah Hayward, Salem,	100

TREASURER'S RECEIPTS

For the week ending 6th month, (June) 7th.

For the Standard.—The following persons have each paid $2—John Rolie, Weymouth, Mass.; Ann S. Thomas, Kingston, Mass.; Rev. Orlando Cunningham, Princeton, Mass.; Rev. Robert F. Walcott, Dennis, Mass.; Christopher Robertson, Lynn, Mass.; Oliver Johnson, Boston, Mass.; Joseph A. Gilmore, do.; Sarah and Jane Cox, Scottsville, N. Y.; William T. Fitch, New Haven; John Ketcham, Jericho, L. I.; Giles Gaylord, Walcotsville, Ct.; John Thompson, Huntington, Ct.—G. F. Horton, Terrytown, Bradford county, Pa. $1; B. Ambler, Danbury, Ct. $3 66; Ira Kellog, do. $3 66; Den. Peter Barnum, Bethel, Ct. $1 66; B. D. Morris, Ridgebury, Ct. 83 cents; Sarah Morehouse, Newtown, Ct. $1 66; Charles Fairman, do. 66 cents; Hiram A. Morse, Hollister, Mass. $6 25; William T. Adams, Taunton, Mass. $1 50; Abraham Vanvlack, Coxsackie, N.Y. $1; Temperance House, Rochester, $1; Samuel Bowne, New Rochelle, $1; S. Y. St. John, New Canaan, Ct. $1 66; Philo S. Fitch, do. $1 66; Ella Thomas, Roxbury, Ct. $1 66; F. W. Gunn, Washington, Ct. $1 66; Herman Bissel, Litchfield, Ct. $1 66; A. S. Burbank, Winstead, Ct. 50 cents; Asa Park, do, $1 66; Alvin Gilbert do. 83 cents; Milo Burr, do. $1 66; E. W. Capron, Walworth, Wayne county, N. Y. $1.

Donations—Henry Bowman, Pennsylvania, $1; C. Middleton, New Jersey, $1; William Ely, Pennsylvania, $1; Sarah Morehouse, Newtown, Ct. $1; Susan Whiting, Southborough, Mass. 50 cents; Leonard Tuttle, Prospect, Ct. $5; Lyman Hotchkiss, $5; Lewis Gunn, Cornwall, Ct. $1; John Gunn, Washington, Ct. $1; Aurelia Gunn, do. $1; Seymour Davenport, Willimantic, Ct. $1; Austin Bearse, Centreville, Mass. $1; F. W. Gunn, Washington, Ct. $5; A friend of the oppressed, West Killingly, Ct. $5.

ISAAC T. HOPPER, *Treas'r.*

GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign Items.

EUROPE.

Terrible Fire at Hamburg!—This city, the great commercial emporium of Germany, and one of the most flourishing on the continent of Europe, is a heap of ruins. On the 4th of May, a fire broke out at midnight, in one of the narrowest and oldest streets in the city, where were many wooden houses, centuries old, and as dry as torchwood. Some state that it was the work of an incendiary; but that is uncertain. The wind was fresh, the canals were dry, and no water could be found. The flames soon spread to a high, large warehouse, full of spirits, and thence proceeded with frightful rapidity. *Fifty-two streets, and 1,943 houses, (about one-fifth of the city,) were consumed.* The number of lives lost is said to be between 250 and 300. The goods burned in warehouses are valued at $30,000,000; furniture and other valuables in warehouses, at $20,000,000. This does not include the value of houses destroyed, which are proposed to be built by a State loan. The value of the houses, and the loss attaching to the ground on which they stood, are valued at 50,000,000 marks banco. The conduct of some of the rabble was dreadful; in the midst of all the terror and distress, they seemed bent only on plunder and intoxication. Many of them perished in the flames; twelve were found dead in a wine-cellar.—Danish, Hanoverian, and Prussian troops entered the town, and, being well supplied with gunpowder, commenced blowing up the houses to arrest the progress of the flames. This was completely effected by Sunday morning; the fire having raged from Tuesday, midnight. The Senate ordered every person to leave the town, and nothing could exceed the heart-rending spectacle of thousands of poor people frantic with their losses, and without the means of procuring food or shelter.

The loss of the three principal fire-offices in London are—£300,000 sterling, £200,000, £150,000. The losses of the Hamburg fire-office and the Prussian fire-office in Hamburg are much heavier.

Subscriptions for the sufferers are being taken up in various parts of Europe.

In London alone, £50,000 were subscribed in four days after the news arrived. Victoria gave £200, and Albert £100. The king of Prussia immediately forwarded $25,000, and ordered a collection to be taken in all the churches of the kingdom, and from house to house. The king of Hanover gave 200,000 marks.

Smaller Conflagration.—A great fire is announced to have befallen the Austrian town of Steijer, not far from Lintz, where 400 houses were consumed and three-fourths of the inhabitants, who were celebrated for their iron manufactures, were left without shelter.

Terrible Railroad Accident near Paris!—An awful catastrophe lately occured on the Versailles and Meudon railroad, by which *one hundred and twenty persons were killed*, or have since died of their wounds, and many maimed and wounded.

In honor of the king's fete, the waterworks in the gardens of Versailles were played on Sunday, which attracted immense crowds from Paris. The train to which the dreadful accident occurred, left Versailles for Paris at half-past five o'clock in the afternoon, and was crowded with passengers. "There were," say one account, "seventeen or eighteen wagons, with two engines before and one behind.

The accident appears to have been caused by the excessive velocity, when coming to a cross rail. When between Bellevue and Meudon the axletree of the first machine broke, and stopping, the second ran over it, killing the stoker, and breaking the first machine in pieces

Poetry.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE FRIENDLY VOICE.

BY WM. W. STORY.

When Life's pilgrim, lone and weary,
Is beset with fear and doubt;
When the onward path looks dreary,
And the chill world frowns without—
In the sorrow of his need,
Doth a friend's voice bidding speed,
Hope and strength within him breed.

When the thoughts that he hath scattered,
Though long nursed within his heart,
Flowers, by tears of anguish watered,
Of his very soul a part,
Which the cold world hath rejected,
Are by one kind heart protected,
Rises new the heart dejected.

Never fear, thou humble poet!
Speak thine own thought like a man,—
Into time's deep current throw it—
Do the best thy spirit can.
Truth and beauty, shall the air,
And the surging ocean bear;
God himself shall give them care.

That which thou with truckling spirit,
Bending to the crowd shall say,
Dust and darkness shall inherit,
Time shall hurl like chaff away—
But the silent, earnest thought,
To thine inmost nature taught,
Shall not fade away to nought.

Longings in deep anguish working,
Powers, like sudden flames, that start,
And though baffled, still stay lurking,
Are the seedfields unto art;
Thence upsprings its glorious flower
In its will-appointed hour,
And to heaven itself doth tower.

For the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE SAVIOUR.

He stood alone, amid the crowd;
No tear was in his eye;
His heart within his breast was bowed,
In silent agony.

Where was the chosen, long-tried band
That once around him moved?
Peter, who drew the bloody brand,
The long and fondly loved?

An evil spirit worked around
That true and gifted one;
He stood upon enchanted ground,
'Till the dark deed was done.

The rock of Calvary rent in twain,
The thunder and the storm,
Told his sad heart that ne'er again,
His eye would see that form.

Too late, too late his bitter tears!
Stern fate her seal had set;
Too late, too late, he vainly hears
The voice that bids forget.

A woman weeps upon those feet,
That bleed upon the martyr tree;
She holds the spotless winding sheet,
His bleeding head upon her knee.

Let empires fall or armies meet—
This only boon I humbly crave,
To hold my Saviour's tortured feet,
The last fond lingerer at his grave.

May 25th, 1842. E. A. COMSTOCK.

A CITY STREET.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I love the fields, the woods, the streams,
The wild flowers fresh and sweet,
And yet I love no less than these,
The crowded city street!
For haunts of men, where'er they be,
Awake my dearest sympathy.

I see within the city street
Life's most extreme estates;
The gorgeous domes of palaces,
The prison's doleful gates;
The hearths by household virtues blest,
The dens that are the serpent's nest.

I see the rich man, proudly fed,
And richly clothed, pass by;
I see the shivering, homeless wretch,
With hunger in his eye;
For life's severest contrasts meet
Forever in the city street!

And lofty, princely palaces—
What dreary deeds of wo,
What untold, mortal agencies
Their secret chambers know!
Yet is without all smooth and fair,
As Heaven's blue dome of summer air.

And e'en the portliest citizen,
Within his doors doth hide
Some household grief, some secret care,
From all the world beside;
It ever was, it must be so;
For human heritage is wo.

Hence is it that a city street
Can deepest thought impart;
For all its people high or low,
Are kindred to my heart;
And with a yearning love I share
In all their joy, their pain, their care!

THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER.

BY BLAKE, THE ARTIST.

When my mother died, I was very young,
And my father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, "weep! weep! weep! weep!"
So your chimneys I sweep, and in soot I sleep.

There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curled like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
Hush Tom! never mind it; for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

And so he was quiet; and that very night,
As Tom was a sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned and Jack,
Were all of them locked up in coffins of black.

And by came an angel, who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his father, and never want joy.

And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work;
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm;
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm.

PEACE.

The goodness of the heart is shown in deeds
Of peacefulness and kindness. Hand and heart
Are one thing with the good, as thou should'st be.
Do my words trouble thee? then treasure them:
Pain overgot gives peace, as death does Heaven.
All things that speak of Heaven speak of peace:
Peace hath more might than war: *high* brows are calm:
Great thoughts are still as stars: and *truths*, like suns,
Stir not; but many systems tend around them.
Mind's step is still as Death's, and all great things
Which cannot be controlled, whose end is good.—*Festus.*

Miscellany.

FOOLING THE DOCTOR.

Who would not be a "country doctor?" The pleasures of an eight or ten miles' ride in a stormy night—such an one as Greenland would in vain strive to rival—can only be realized by actual experience. How immeasurably is that enjoyment increased, upon being told, after having got to the end of your toilsome journey, that the "patient is only a little ailing," and by having a request made that "you will not charge anything for the visit!" The "country doctor" tells a good story on this point:

It was at night, in December—bitterly, bitterly cold. The mercury sank below zero, and water thrown into the air froze before it reached the ground. The northeast wind blew a gale, bearing with it clouds of drifting snow, and obscuring the atmosphere with a white haze, rendered visible by the dim light of the moon. After hours of actual toil and suffering during the day, I was dozing in my slippers before a good hickory fire, having suffered the book I was reading to fall from my hand. But not even the ample jambs of the old farm-house could afford protection on that tempestuous night. The wind found its way through every crack and cranny; and certain creeping sensations, in the region of the back and shoulders, made me sensibly aware of its effects.

The old clock shortly after striking eleven, and the family having retired, I arose, covered up the embers very carefully, muttering something about the danger of fire, and departed to my chamber.—When the shock of jumping into a cold bed had a little subsided, and a universal shivering given place to a genial warmth, I took peculiar pleasure in listening to those sounds which betokened the intensity of the cold; the cracking and snapping of furniture in the room, the creaking of trees and fences out of doors, and the blast, as it screamed in the distance, or came rushing in fitful gusts, driving the snow and particles of ice against the panes of glass. Then I thought of the poor and friendless, and those who would be slain that night by the wintry weather; and I offered up a prayer to God for the mariners on the coast. Oppressed with weariness, I could have sunk at once into a profound sleep, but dallied pleasantly upon the verge of slumber, forgetting all things else in a delightful sense of personal rest and security.

Perhaps I had remained half an hour in this state, when I was startled by the scraping of a man's footsteps upon the porch below, followed immediately by three distinct raps at the door. I could scarcely believe my senses. It is impossible, said I, that any one could have the cruelty to want the doctor to-night; and I drew in my head, and lay still, in perfect desperation. But an angry and petulant knocking succeeded without intermission, reminding me that though I might be very warm, the messenger without was very cold; and I sprang out of bed, forthwith. I looked out of the casement, and saw a man standing on the porch below, stamping his feet, and slapping his arms against his sides.

"What do you want?" said I, in a tone as cold and severe as the night air.

"Doctor; want you to come right off to Warner's, to Rockaway South. He's very sick—he's *dangerous*."

"How far is it?"

"Eight miles."

"How have you come?"

"On horseback."

"You should have come after me in a carriage. How do you expect me to travel that distance on such a night?"

Here I drew in my night-cap, unable to endure the cutting blast, and requested the messenger to wait until I came down. I was not without hope that after inquiring the symptoms of the sick man, I should be able to despatch some remedies which would afford him relief. Inspired by this hope, I hurried down stairs, let the man into the kitchen, raked up the coals, and began to interrogate him forthwith. But he could not give the least information. He was only the bearer of a peremptory message to the doctor to come "right off." This, then, settled the whole matter, and made the path of duty plain. I had a grand enterprise before me, and felt the calmness and resignation of a martyr, sacrificed by the compact which he has made with the public for the common good. I dismissed the messenger, and told him that I would follow him presently. Then seizing a lamp, and treading on a cat's tail, in my haste to be gone, I went directly to the cock-loft, where Flummery slept. The little old man lay on his back, with his mouth open, snoring heavily; and it was not without remorse that I shook him by the head and shoulders. Perhaps he was dreaming of some heavenly kitchen, where all should be peace and quietness, and the voice of scolding and complaint should never come "Flummery," said I, "I want my horse and sulkey."

He started, and brought his slumbers to a termination, by an abrupt snort; then sitting up, he tore a cotton handkerchief from his head, and rubbing his eyes, appeared to understand exactly the state of the case. "Yes, master," replied he; and with a laudable willingness and submission, he arose. On my way down stairs, Mrs. Quaintley put her night-cap out of the door, and addressed me.

"Doctor, you havn't surely got to go out such a night as *this*, have you?"

"Yes, madam, eight miles in the direction of Rockaway."

"Tut, tut, tut! Too bad, too bad! Won't to-morrow do?"

"Surely not; in the case of life and death."

"Doctor," said she, with an air of mystery, "who is it? what's the matter?"

"Ah, indeed, madam, I know not what the matter is. A Mr. Warner lies very ill."

"Well, well, you must make yourself as comfortable as you can. Doctor, tell Flum. to put Turk in the sulkey; he's a wonderful crittter to have next your feet. You will find your red tippet hanging over a cheer, by the kitchen fireplace. I'm afeard you trod on the cat as you come up, didn't you?—Goodness gracious me! how cold it is! how the wind blows!"

Having admonished Mrs. Quaintley not to stand taking in the cold, I hurried into my office, prepared a few medicines, enveloped myself in coats, overcoats, cloaks, tippets, and comforters, and seizing a buffalo robe, went to the stable to assist Flummery. My poor old horse had just got upon his legs; and as he did so, he shook himself, and fetched a deep, heart-felt groan. "It is a cruel business, on all hands, Flummery," said I; "but especially so for Codger."

"Yes, master, pretty hard for Codger, and for you, too, master."

In a few moments I was ready, and drove out of the gate at a snail's pace, having Turk with me. This was a young bulldog, that I thought a good deal of. I liked the idea of having some living thing near me, on that dreary night; and the warmth imparted to the feet was not a secondary consideration. It was impossible to see beyond a few yards, owing to the driving snow and sleet.—Oh! how the winds raved and howled, and swept through the top of my sulkey, as if they would have actually carried it away; and several times my horse was brought to a stand, unable to oppose their violence, and bent his head to the earth until they should have passed by. He had carried me about half the journey, having been upon the road an hour or more, when he suddenly stopped, not by the force of the winds, but of his own accord; and notwithstanding my earnest entreaty, refused to advance another step. The place was a bleak, cold meadow, far from human habitation; and the only alternative appeared to be to advance or perish on the road. I jerked the reins, and applied the whip; but when every endeavor to urge him on proved fruitless, I sat still, in silent despair, and looked at the cold moon, struggling dimly at intervals through the heavy drifting clouds, and spoke to the dog who lay whining and whimpering at my feet.

At last, summoning up energy, "this will never do," said I; and I sprang out. I examined the harness in every part, by the light of a lantern which I had with me. It was all right. I then seized the horse by the head, but he drew back, with a spirit and determination which I had never seen him manifest before. Happening to cast my eye downward, I saw the tide coursing at my very feet, bearing on its bosom large cakes of ice, which were carried along by the force of the current. The bridge had been carried away by the late freshet; and I remembered that the messenger had advised me to take a different road. Thanking a kind Providence for having preserved me from destruction, I retraced my steps a mile, to where another road branched off; and here I seriously debated the propriety of prosecuting the journey any further; but a sense of duty urged me on, to contend against all obstacles. I was so fortunate, however, as to meet with nothing serious until reaching a turnpike gate, which being wide open, I passed through without paying the toll. But the pikeman had heard the rattling of wheels, and rushed out, barefooted, and clad only in a long night-shirt.

"Halloo!" shouted he, in an eager voice.

I halted abruptly, and counted out three-pence into his trembling hand.

"Bom'nable cold night!" said he, holding up the pennies close to his eyes, and turning them over in the dim light of the moon.

"Yes," replied I, laughing in spite of myself, at the ridiculous figure which he cut. My little dog appeared affected in like manner; and without giving any intimation of what he was about to do, sprang from the sulkey, and seizing the pikeman's garment, I verily thought that he would have pulled it off his back. The man hopped about in his bare feet, frightened out of his seven senses, and raised a great alarm, which brought his wife out also; and at the instant the dog returning to his place under the buffalo skin, I inflicted on Codger a terrible thwack, and departed. Onward, onward we went, at the rate of four miles an hour, but were now happily approaching the journey's end; for I heard the booming of the Atlantic waves, as their deep bass mingled with the wintry wind. "Bravo!" exclaimed I, speaking to Turk and to Codger, on arriving at the place of destination, and seeing a light in the window of the house; "here we are at last, in spite of all obstacles; and for myself, I may be the means of saving a fellow-being's life."

Buoyed up by this hope, I pulled up the latch of the kitchen door, and went in. Thoroughly chilled, my first object was to get warm; and notwithstanding every precaution, in a few minutes my fingers burned, and tingled, and pained me to such a degree, that I could have wept, as I have often done when a child, on the same account. A negro was hanging over the fire, half stupified by heat, who answered my inquiries as well as he could, rubbing his eyes open with his fists. Presently, a woman came down with a dim light in her hand, but made no more of me than if I had only come a hundred yards. She said the patient had been "kind o' ailing for a week or more, and didn't seem to have any relish for his wittles;" whereas, he generally had a wonderful appetite to eat. But this evening he was "stomach sick," and thought that he required "doctorin." Just at present he was in a sound and pleasant sleep, and perhaps it wouldn't be best to disturb him. "You can look at him, doctor," said she, "if you reckon it will do any good; but I's'pose you won't charge nothin, if you don't do nothin."

It is hard to tell whether I was most indignant or hurt at this reception; and I replied with as much spirit and severity as it was proper to use in speaking to a woman. I however insisted on looking at the man. If he were ill, he would certainly require assistance; if he were not, nothing would require me for having come to Rockaway that night.

From the Monthly Offering.

TESTIMONY OF ANGELINA GRIMKE WELD.

This lady is the youngest daughter of the late Judge Grimké, of the Supreme Court of South Carolina, sister of the late Hon. Thomas S. Grimké, of Charleston, S. C. and now the wife of Theodore D. Weld. This testimony is peculiarly valuable, inasmuch as it comes from one who was reared in the midst of slavery, and who is now an exile among strangers, on account of her repugnance to slavery:

"I think it important to premise, that I have seen almost nothing of slavery on *plantations*. My testimony will have respect exclusively to the treatment of '*house-servants*,' and chiefly those belonging to the first families in the city of Charleston, both in the religious and in the fashionable world. And here let me say, that the treatment of *plantation* slaves cannot be fully known, except by the poor sufferers themselves, and their drivers and overseers. In a multitude of instances, even the master can know very little of the actual condition of his own field-slaves, and his wife and daughters far less. A few facts concerning my own family, will show this. Our permanent residence was in Charleston; our country seat (Bellemont) was 200 miles distant, in the northwestern part of the State; where, for some years, our family spent a few months annually. Our *plantation* was three miles from this family mansion. There, all the field-slaves lived and worked. Occasionally, once a month, perhaps, some of the family would ride over to the plantation; but I never visited the fields where the slaves were at work, and knew almost nothing of their condition; but this I do know, that the overseers who had charge of them, were generally unprincipled, and intemperate men. But I rejoice to know, that the general treatment of slaves in that region of country, was far milder than on the plantations in the lower country.

"I saw *nothing* of slavery in its most vulgar and repulsive forms. I saw it in the *city*, among the fashionable and the honorable, where it was garnished by refinement, and decked out for show. A few *facts* will unfold the state of society in the circle with which I was familiar, far better than any general assertions I can make.

"I will first introduce the reader to a woman of the highest respectability—one who was foremost in every benevolent enterprise, and stood for many years, I may say, at the *head* of the fashionable elite of the city of Charleston, and afterwards at the head of the moral and religious female society there. It was after she had made a profession of religion, and retired from the fashionable world, that I knew her; therefore I will present her in her religious character. This lady used to keep cow-hides, or small paddles, (called pancake sticks,) in four different apartments in her house; so that when she wished to punish, or to have punished, any of her slaves, she might not have the trouble of sending for an instrument of torture.

"For many years, one or other, and often more of her slaves were flogged *every day;* particularly the young slaves about the house, whose faces were slapped, or their hands beat with the 'pancake stick,' for every trifling offense—and often for no fault at all. But the floggings were not all; the scoldings and abuse daily heaped upon them all, were worse: 'fools' and 'liars,' 'sluts' and 'husseys,' 'hypocrites' and 'good-for-nothing creatures,' were the *common* epithets with which her mouth was filled, when addressing her slaves, adults as well as children. Very often she would take a position at her window, in an upper story, and scold at her slaves while working in the garden, at some distance from the house, (a large yard intervening,) and occasionally order a flogging. I have known her thus on the watch, scolding for more than an hour at a time, in so loud a voice that the whole neighborhood could hear her; and this without the least apparent feeling of shame. Indeed it was *no disgrace among slaveholders*, and did not in the least injure her standing, either as a lady or a Christian, in the aristocratic circle in which she moved. After the 'revival' in Charleston, in 1825, she opened her house to social prayer-meetings. The room in which they were held in the evening, and where the voice of prayer was heard around the family altar, and where she herself retired for private devotion thrice each day, was the very place in which, when her slaves were to be whipped with the cowhide, they were taken to receive the infliction; and the wail of the sufferer would be heard, where, perhaps only a few hours previous, rose the voices of prayer and praise. This mistress would occasionally send her slaves, male and female, to the Charleston workhouse, to be punished. One poor girl, whom she sent there to be flogged, and who was accordingly stripped *naked* and whipped, showed me the deep gashes on her back—I might have laid my whole finger in them—*large pieces of flesh had actually been cut out by the torturing lash.* She sent another female slave there, to be imprisoned, and worked on the tread-mill. This girl was confined several days, and forced to work the mill while in a state of suffering from another cause. For ten days, or two weeks after her return, she was lame, from the violent exertion necessary to enable her to keep the step on the machine. She spoke to me with intense feeling of this outrage upon her, as a *woman*. Her men-servants were sometimes flogged there; and so exceedingly offensive has been the putrid flesh of their lacerated backs, for days after the infliction, that they would be kept out of the house—the smell arising from their wounds being too horible to be endured. They were always stiff and sore for some days, and not in a condition to be seen by visitors.

"This professedly Christian woman was a most awful illustration of the ruinous influence of arbitrary power upon the temper—her bursts of passion over the heads of her victims were dreaded even by her own children; and very often, all the pleasures of social intercourse around the domestic board, was destroyed by her ordering the cook into her presence, and storming at him, when the dinner or breakfast was not prepared to her taste; and in the presence of all her children, commanding the waiter to slap his face. *Fault-finding*, was with her the constant accompaniment of every meal, and banished that peace which should hover around the social board, and smile on every face. It was common for her to order brothers to whip their own sisters, and sisters their own brothers; and yet no woman visited among the poor more than she did, or gave more liberally to relieve their wants. This may seem perfectly unaccountable to a northerner; but these seeming contradictions vanish, when we consider that over *them* she possessed no arbitrary power; they were always presented to her mind as unfortunate sufferers, towards whom her sympathies most freely flowed; she was ever ready to wipe the tears from *their* eyes, and open wide her purse to *their* relief; but the others were her *vassals*, thrust down by public opinion beneath her feet, to be at her beck and call, ever ready to serve, in all humility, her, whom God in his providence had set over them—it was their *duty* to abide in abject submission, and hers to *compel* them to do so—*it was thus that she reasoned.* Except at family prayers, none were permitted to *sit* in her presence, but the seamstresses and waiting-maids; and they, however delicate might be their circumstances, were forced to sit upon low stools, without backs, that they might be constantly reminded of their inferiority. A slave, who waited in the house, was guilty, on a particular occasion, of going to visit his wife, and kept dinner waiting a little. (His wife was the slave of a lady who lived at a little distance.) When the family sat down to the table, the mistress began to scold the waiter for the offense—he attempted to excuse himself—she ordered him to hold his tongue—he ventured another apology; her son then rose from the table in a rage, and beat the face and ears of the waiter so dreadfully, that the blood gushed from his mouth, and nose, and ears. This mistress was *a professor of religion;* her daughter, who related the circumstance, was a *fellow-member* of the Presbyterian church *with the poor, outraged slave*:—instead of feeling indignation, at this outrageous abuse of her brother in the church, she justified the deed, and said, 'he got just what he deserved.' I solemnly believe this to be a true picture of *slaveholding religion.*"

BURNS AND DICKENS.

The following eloquent parallel, from the Nassau (New Jersey) Monthly, is written by a very young man; but is characterized by mature and noble sentiment:

As to external resemblance there is certainly very little, except the extreme youth at which they had both acquired such unwonted literary honors. Burns was a Scotchman; Dickens an Englishman. Burns discoursed poetry in verse; Dickens in prose. Burns was a secluded peasant, dwelling among green fields, and running streams; Dickens is one of the bustling crowd that throng the greatest thoroughfare on earth. Burns was born poor, spent much of his short and sorrowful career with rustics, and tipplers, and boors, and died in a strawbuilt shed. Dickens is rich, sits at the tables of the great, and wears proudly the laurels which a discerning public has awarded to the first romancer of the time. But, in spite of this utter contrariety of rank, place, and circumstance, they are still bound together by one strong band of common sympathy; they have labored to establish one and the same ennobling principle—*the innate majesty of man, even under the yoke of poverty and ignorance.* The writings of Burns, we need not say, are full to overflowing, of this man-loving spirit. Through all his varied minstrelsy, whether sung by the lonely banks of Ayr, or the inglesides of Dumfries, or on old Coila's rugged peaks, there ever breathes the same "sad music of humanity";—the good spirit that lives in those noble lines—to our mind the most sweetly simple and truthful that he ever penned,——

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that!"

Certainly, no one ever read Burns with a right spirit, who has not felt a deeper veneration for the image of his Creator, although attired in the threadbare garniture of the cottage. See, what a lofty, single-hearted old Melancthon is the venerable cotter of the "Saturday night"! and his winsome, guileless Jeanie, too, the "eldest hope"! whose heart does not go out in yearnings after such a spirit: and who would not rejoice to "live one day of parting love" with a Highland Mary? And yet these were but *ploughmen*; and *dairy-maids!* Now, this is what we mean by the *majesty of man*, although cast down from his throne; poor, perhaps in this world's gear, but rich in the priceless treasures of an honest heart—*love*, too, in our poor, blind estimate, but often immeasurably *high* in the eyes of Him who sees not as man seeth.

This truthful principle Mr. Dickens, too, has both seen and felt: and he has not been ashamed to go down from his high estate, into the obscurest dens of squalid wretchedness, and take the shivering, starving inmate by the hand, and own him as a "*great brother man*"! Bowed down, indeed, and crushed by the iron hand of misery, but still born of one common father, dwelling in the same great household, and moving by our side to the same grave and the same never-ending destiny.

It is into these prison-houses of dethroned and degraded human souls, that Dickens has penetrated with the cheering light of brotherly love, and, lo! how many hidden treasures glitter in its rays; how many "gems of purest ray serene," in these hitherto unfathomed deeps! How many *Olivers* and *Madalines*, pure in the midst of surrounding defilement! How many *Smikes* and *Dicks*, with hearts withered, and scathed, but still keenly alive to the touch of kindred affection! How many *Nancys*, tender and faithful even to their brutal destroyers! How many *little Nells*—not angels or spirits; no! nothing but *woman*, as she was made to be—"a sunshine in the shade"! Nor are all these, fabulous creations, contrived for the pitiful purpose of exciting a certain morbid compassion.—Dickens, like Burns, never condescends to lying affectations. He never indulges in mawkish conceits, to catch the sympathies of boarding-school misses, and sentimental milliners; his works are full of manly sincerity, and a solemn earnestness, that reveal a heart large as the circle of human misery, and deep as its utmost depths. How could it be otherwise? He who has seen and handled the living reality is not easily deceived by the semblance. He who has heard the widow's piercing wail, and beheld the orphan's "water-standing eye," and stood by the bed that gives no rest, and heard the cry that has no response—the cry of a starving man for bread; such a one cannot cheat himself, or the world, with the puling mockery of wo. With living reality of human misery, both Burns and Dickens are well acquainted: the one from necessity; the other from choice: the one learned it on the barren heather of Mossgiel, and by the lonely banks of his native stream; the other among the foul mass that festers in "London's heart." Well, and nobly, too, have they profited by these useful lessons; not in fiercely proclaiming with the frenzied bitterness of a Byron, that "man was always made to mourn," but in calmly, and sternly rebuking the *inhumanity to man*, which, "maketh countless thousands mourn."—They have learned these solemn truths, not to brood over them with the misanthrope, or exaggerate them with the jacobin, or to ridicule them with the accursed one who saith to his brother "*Raca*"; but to pour them forth to the world with such a winning, truthful earnestness, that they have gained the ennobling appellation of the *Chroniclers of the Poor.*

ABSENCE OF MIND.—The vulgar, by a queer mistake, call a man *absent*-minded, when his mind shuts the door, pulls in the latch-string, and is wholly at home.—*Elizur Wright.*

FOR HOUSEKEEPERS AND FARMERS.

An Excellent Pickle for Butter.—Four gallons of water, two ounces of saltpetre; two pounds of fine white sugar; and two pounds of pure salt, or as much as will enable the water to support an egg, when the materials of the brine are all well dissolved. Put the butter loosely in stone jars, and cover it well with the brine. The quantity mentioned will probably answer for fifty pounds, or thereabouts.

To increase the Sharpness and Strength of Vinegar.—Boil two quarts of good vinegar, till reduced to one; then put it in a vessel, and set it in the sun for a week. At the end of that time you may mix it with six times its quantity of bad vinegar, and it will not only mend it, but make it strong and agreeable.—*Mechanic's Own Book.*

An Easy Way of Making Vinegar.—Put 30 or 40 pounds of wild pears in a large tub, and leave them three days to ferment. Then throw a quart of water over them, and repeat the same every day for a month. If it is not then as good vinegar as you wish, sharpen by adding vinegar prepared according to the above recipe.—*Ib.*

Clay Mixture on Sandy Lands.—A correspondent of the Western Farmer, gives the following as his experience of the value of mixed clay with sandy soil:—"Several years since, when a resident of New England, I purchased a piece of dry, sandy land, denominated there, 'pine plains,' that had been very much worn. A portion of it, about 1 3-4 acres was on the verge of a deep ravine, and a little more elevated than the remainder of the lot. This piece had been sown the fall previous with rye, and stocked with clover. The rye was harvested—an inferior crop—and the ground, I found in the fall, was not to appearance more than half stocked. Not having manure for a spring crop, and clay being handy, I carted on the piece about thirty ox-cart loads of clay: this, however, was not pure, but supposed to contain about one-third sand; the same was spread upon the surface of the ground in the fall. In the spring it had formed a complete coating over the whole surface; the result was, a heavy crop of clover. The next spring about twenty loads of yard manure was spread upon it. It was then broken up, rolled, harrowed and planted with corn, about the 10th of May. The result was, about *ninety bushels of sound corn.* I had corn enough for my own use, and sold about fifty bushels, for fifty dollars. This was my first experiment in farming. It is nearly eight years since the clay was applied, and I am told, that the ground is still benefited by it. The application was continued on other portions of the lot, with equally beneficial results, as long as I occupied it."

Curious Discovery.—Plants will grow luxuriantly beneath glass of a blue, violet, or indigo color; but this growth is wholly checked beneath *yellow* and *red* glasses.

Artichoke.—Mr. Samuel D. Martin, so well known as a farmer, says, that the common artichoke, is the most productive and valuable root he ever cultivated. He says that hogs and sheep are very fond of them; that "they require no care, staying in the ground from year to year without injury, and are easily cultivated." He plants them in drills four feet apart, and two feet apart in the drills, and works them as corn, being careful to plough shallow the last ploughing. He recommends planting them in the orchards, to be rooted for by the hogs in winter, and says that on a failure of the mast, they may be relied on to take the hogs well through the winter. The rooting will do the trees much good.—*Louisville Jour.*

Stones on Cultivated Land.—It is an error to suppose that stones should be entirely removed from land which is under cultivation. Those stones, which would be in the way of the scythe while mowing, of course should be removed, but all the smaller stones should remain; and if wholly or partially embedded in the soil, they preserve the moisture during a drought, and thus serve materially to increase the crop. The following article from the Gentlemen's Magazine, published in 1773, is to the point:

"It has been long known to experienced farmers, that taking away very small stones and flints is detrimental to ploughed lands in general; but more particularly so to thin light lands, and all lands of a binding nature. It was, however, never imagined that the damage could be so great, as it is now found to be, since unusual quantities of flints and other stones have been repeatedly gathered for the use of turnpike roads. In the parish of Stevenage, in Hertfordshire, there is a field known by the name of Chalkdell-field, containing about 200 acres; the land in this field was formerly equal, if not superior, to most lands in that county; but lying convenient for the surveyors of the roads, they have picked it so often, and stripped it of the flint and small stones to such a degree, that it is now inferior to lands that were formerly reckoned not much above half its value, acre for acre. Nor is it Chalkdell-field alone that has materially suffered in that county by the above-mentioned practice: several thousand acres bordering on the turnpike roads from Wellwyn to Baldoch have been so much impoverished, that the loss to the inheritance forever must be computed at a great many thousand pounds. What puts it beyond a doubt that the prodigious impoverishment of the land is owing to no other cause but picking and carrying away the stones, is, that those lands have generally been most impoverished, which have been most often picked; nay, I know a field, part of which was picked, and the other part ploughed up before they had time to pick it, where the part that was picked lost seven or eight parts in ten of two succeeding crops; and though the whole field was manured and managed in all respects alike, yet the impoverishment was visible where the stones had been picked off, and extended not an inch farther; an incontestible proof of the benefit of the stones."

Miscellaneous Items.

The Crops.—Letters from all parts of the country speak in glowing terms of the crops. Grain and fruits promise abundantly, and an unusually early harvest. In Virginia, they expect to reap in twenty days; and in Illinois by the 10th of June. The wheat crop will be great beyond all precedent.

An Indiana paper mentions that such is the prospect of the corn fields in that State, it is probable that wheat may be bought, after the harvest, for twenty-five cents a bushel.—*Boston Journal.*

Mobs in Georgia.—A letter in the Macon Telegraph, gives an account of a scene which occurred at the opening of the court in Sumpter county, on the 3d instant. The court met on Monday, charged the jury, and intended to proceed with the trial of the principal persons who had resisted the sheriff in the performance of his duty. Things went on quietly until Thursday morning, when the clerk's desk, and all his papers, with the records of the courts, &c. were found to have been stolen, taken into the woods, and burned. Active, but thus far unsuccessful, exertions had been made to find the authors of this outrage. On another occasion, at the sale of some lands, the deputy sheriff was seized and carried off, and everybody who should venture to bid at the sale, (which was gone on with by the sherifl,) was threatened with violence. Only $55 worth was sold, out of two columns of advertised lands.

Steamboat Bear Hunt.—The steamboat Corsair, from Galena, relates a curious incident. In the Ohio river below, they espied a large bear swimming the river. The mate and his companions put off in a skiff, with a determination to capture bruin. The gentleman, however, made a very sturdy resistance. At length they fixed a rope around his head, and carried the other end to the steamboat. Then began a pretty little scene. The steamboat proceeded on, and Mr. Bruin followed, *ex necessitate.* He was soon hauled in, when his first proceeding was to climb the upper deck, and put to flight all the loungers in those regions. The end was, he was killed, and proved to be quite a magnificent fellow.—*Cincinnati Enq.*

Georgia Gold.—The Milledgeville Journal states that persons who follow the pursuit of digging for gold in that vicinity, have of late been much stimulated in their labor, in consequence of the handsome profits which they have in many instances realized. It is said that in the neighborhood of Dahlonega, there are from 1500 to 2000 pennyweights found daily. At one mine, on Battle Branch, there was lately found one lump, worth (it is said) $128. It is supposed, from present prospects, that there will be at least from $300,000 to $400,000 realized in that section, from the pursuit, within the present year. The late success in this business is drawing the attention of many others to it.

The Shakers of New Lebanon have issued a notice that there will be no public meetings at that place the coming summer. They say, that for many years past, numbers of persons have flocked to the place on Sundays, more to gratify an idle curiosity, and spend the day for their own amusement, to the disturbance of those whose motives were sincere and honest, than to respect the solemn worship then and there in progress. For this reason, and because they feel it more consistent with duty to worship in a retired situation, they will hold no public assemblies—and they give notice thereof to the end that "sincere and honest people" may not be disappointed, after travelling many miles to attend their meetings.

Education in Arkansas.—The Batesville (Arkansas) News states the curious fact, authenticated by official documents, that the Indians on the western line of that State are far in advance of the State itself, in promoting a system of common schools for the education of their children. Of course Arkansas is far behind the other States, in this respect.—It is stated, however, that the school fund of the State is larger, in proportion to its population, than that of any other State.

Royal Visiter Expected.—Extract from a letter of an officer to his brother, in Cleveland, dated on board the United States ship, Vincennes, of the United States exploring expedition: "We have on board Vindoba, the King of the Fejee Islands, a prisoner, who killed and ate eleven of the crew of a Salem vessel, in 1825. I suppose he will be shown about like Black Hawk, and then be sent home. He says I am his best friend, and wishes to live with me when we reach the United States. How would you like him for a messmate? He is a fine-looking fellow, very tall, and wears his hair half a yard long. He would be worth $5,000 to show about the country."—*New Bedford Mercury.*

Mutability of Fortune.—Some years ago, a wealthy Englishman, who resided in Philadelphia, purchased stock in the United States Bank, to the amount of $40,000. He afterwards invested in it the fortune of his wife, which was $20,000. The sum of $10,000 was left to her afterwards, by legation; and this was also deposited in the United States Bank. They now reside near Camden, New Jersey, and his wife takes in sewing to support the family.

Cats.—A correspondent of the London Morning Chronicle estimates the number of cats in England at 2,732,000, and proposes that they be taxed eight shillings each, which would increase the revenue $1,087,800.

CHESTERFIELD BOARDING SCHOOL,

For Boys under fourteen years of Age,

Situated on the Crosswicks road, about three miles from Bordentown, N. J.

THE School will open for the summer term, on the 16th day of the 5th month, 1842. In the government of the school, care will be extended to form such habits and inculcate such principles, as will best advance the welfare of the pupils, both morally and physically. The scholars will be expected to attend (with their teacher) Friends' meeting, at Crosswicks, about three-fourths of a mile distant. The number of boys limited to twenty.

TERMS: Sixty dollars per term of twenty-two weeks; payable half in advance, the remainder in the middle of the term—books and stationery included; no extra charges. The services of an assistant in the school has been engaged. It is desirable that the outer garments of the boys should be dark colored, and all the clothing marked with the pupil's name. HENRY W. RIDGWAY.

References.—Joseph Ridgway, No. 70, Chesnut street; George Truman, No. 105, Arch street; George M. Justice, No. 149, Market street; Philadelphia. Charles Marriott, I. T. Hopper, J. S. Gibbons, New-York.

4th-mo. 21. 3m—p.

Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw.

One hundred copies of Mrs. Trollope's "Jonathan Jefferson Whitlaw," have been imported from Europe, and are for sale at the *Anti-Slavery Office*, No. 31, North Fifth street, Philadelphia; and at 143 Nassau st., N. Y.

This book has a very high reputation, where no pro-slavery prejudices come in to obscure the judgment. It is a work of remarkable truth and power. The following, from the Leeds Mercury, is one of the many commendatory notices, which hailed its first appearance.

"This book is exceedingly clever, and surpasses anything the author has hitherto published. Her dialogues are full of spirit, and bear the genuine impress of the peculiarities of vulgar American dialect. In fact, in many parts of J. J. Whitlaw, she fairly emulates the masculine power of the best novel-writers in our language."

Philadelphia, March 3d, 1842.

FREE-LABOR GOODS,

At Wholesale and Retail.

CALICOES, small and large figures; 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4 unbleached Muslins; do. do. do. bleached Muslins; super Manchester Ginghams; 3-4 and 4-4 colored Muslins; 7-8 and 4-4 Bed Tickings; Canton Flannel, bleached and unbleached; Cotton Laps and Wadding, low price; bleached and unbleached and colored Knitting Cotton; Cotton Yarn; Manchester Stripe, for men's wear; Apron Checks and Furniture Checks. Also, a full assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Linen Sheetings and Shirtings, Grass Cloth Hdkfs., Mouslin de Laines, and Silks.

Persons from a distance, (store-keepers in particular,) wishing any of the above goods can have them sent, by forwarding their orders, and at the lowest prices at which they can be afforded.

N. B.—The above cotton goods are all warranted to be *free from Slave Labor.* Persons wishing to purchase can have full evidence of the fact.

CHARLES WISE,
N. W. corner of Arch and Fifth streets
Philadelphia, 1st mo., 13th, 1842.

Free-Labor Goods.

Calicoes, muslins, bedticking, canton flannel, white and brown sugar, molasses, coffee, tea, &c. Wholesale and retail, by CHARLES COLLINS.
No. 3 Cherry-street, New-York.

5th mo. 3d, 1842.

FREE LABOR DRY GOODS.

Manufactured by American Free Produce Association

4-4 Stout muslin. bleached and unbleached; furnitur checks, 4 qualities and prices; apron checks, do. dc 7-4 and 8-4 table diaper, (huckaback,) bleached and unbleached; 7-4 and 8-4 table diaper, (bird's-eye,) bleached and unbleached; bird's-eye cotton towelling; bed ticking, pantaloons stuffs, yellow striped; Manchester ginghams, various patterns and two qualities; canton flannel, bleached and unbleached; wadding, black and white; cotton laps, &c. for sale retail by LYDIA WHITE, No. 241, North Second street, and wholesale by D. L. MILLER, Jr. 250 Arch street, or W. C. BETTS, 43 Cherry street.